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ZION'S HERALD.

Office No. 19 Washington St.

BENJ. KINGSBURY, JR., EDITOR.
ASSISTED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF GENTLEMEN.

David H. Eln, Printer.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

To John Henry Hopkins, D.D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the Diocese of Vermont:

LETTER II.

RIGHT REVEREND SIR—You are pleased to say, that you are "called upon to defend our principles in reference to another novelty, in which the pre-eminence of the day particularly prides itself, namely, the Temperance reform." And by whom have you been "called" to the performance of these labors? Not by the voice of any convention, nor by the Episcopalians of your own diocese, nor of any other; but, as I humbly apprehend, by an internal monitor, whose impatient whisperings have taught more than one Bishop, before your reverence was born, to prefer a present notoriety, a fleeting fame, to those profitable reflections, in after time, which are the legitimate result of a dignified and consistent career.—In the following page of your performance, you give us to understand, that you have not been "chosen the general advocate nor the organ of others." I have been called then, but you have not been chosen, if I rightly understand you.

You proceed as follows:—"I commence by acknowledging, that the Episcopal Church, as a body, is not disposed to be active in what is called the Temperance Reform. But to this assertion I must add, that there are very many exceptions, and some of them, assuredly, who rank among our most prominent men, for piety, for talent, and for zeal."

You had previously made the remark: "The neighboring diocese of Connecticut, at its late convention, had a resolution offered to it, in favor of the Temperance Society, which was rejected by a very large majority, on the ground that it was a question, with which, in their conventional capacity, they had nothing to do. Other conventions of our clergy had previously taken a similar course."

You have set forth the true reason, which governed the conduct of the Connecticut convention, and of those other conventions of our clergy, to which you refer; they refused to pass a resolution, in favor of the Temperance Society, because, in their conventional capacity, they believed, that they had nothing to do with unfavorable impressions of the society, and assuredly not because they believed with you, "that if it could succeed, it would be the triumph of infidelity;" or "that it is not based on religious, but on worldly principles."

You next remark, "And hence it has assumed the shape of a general charge, affecting the Church as a body, that Episcopalians are hostile to the Temperance reform." You then say, that it is a part of "your solemn duty, to examine the charge, and show that it is totally erroneous." You then proceed, in a manner peculiar to yourself, to the performance of the "solemn duty" of showing the charge to be "totally erroneous," by pledging yourself to prove the following positions:—

"That the Temperance Society is not based on religious but on worldly principles."

"That it opposes vice and attempts to establish virtue, in a manner which is not in accordance with the word of God."

"That, if it could succeed, it would be the triumph of infidelity."

"That it gives a false prominence to one particular vice, contrary to the doctrines of the Bible."

"That calling it an introduction or a preparation for religion, is at war with the principles of the gospel."

"That it cannot be relied on as a remedy against vice, for which the religion of Christ is the only cure; and that the good effected by it, whatever it may be, cannot justify the Christian in trying experiments to reform mankind, on any other principles than those which are set forth in the Scriptures."

And so you really believe, sir, that a faithful defence of "our principles" requires, at your hands, the support of any one of these absurdities? And such, if we err not, they will, in due time, be demonstrated to be.—In what way, Right Reverend Sir, if you should be able to redeem your pledge and prove these positions to be true, do you expect, thereby, to convince the world, that Episcopalians are not hostile to the Temperance reform? You say it is your "solemn duty" to prove this opinion to be erroneous. We have no doubt it is erroneous; but the mode, in which you proceed to prove it to be so, reminds us of a remarkable case, among the British State Trials, in which an attorney had the hardihood to defend his client from a charge of assault with intent to disfigure, by an allegation that the assault was made with intent to murder. For, if the substance of your positions be the sense of Episcopalians, "as a body," or of a majority of the whole number, you may safely acknowledge, that they are "not disposed to be active in what is called the Temperance reform;" but a substantiation of your positions, so far from furnishing a negation of the charge, that "Episcopalians" are hostile to the Temperance reform, would more effectually prove the reverse, that your "solemn duty" would remain entirely unperformed.

It is very evident, Right Reverend Sir, that you have no particular affection for the Temperance Society; and, in your zeal to annihilate, you certainly seem to have come exceedingly confused. Nothing surely can be more conclusive in proof of this assertion, than the fact, that, while undertaking the defence of Episcopalians, you have placed them, in a much worse predicament, than they were in before you overburdened them with help.

Right Reverend Sir, the truth may be briefly stated; had you waited in peace, until you had been duly called or chosen to gird up your loins, and unsheath the sword of St. Peter against the Temperance Society, in all probability your weapon of war would have slept quietly in its scabbard till its puissant master could wield it no longer. Neither Episcopalians, nor the Episcopal Church, "as a body," are, in any way, more entitled to the charge of hostility against the Temperance Society than every other denomination of Christians. This is no hasty assertion, as we propose, in good time, to convince you, though by a process entirely different from your own. Your position, amid the Hampshire grants, is perhaps not the most favorable for the formation of correct opinions upon this subject. There are parishes, and there are dioceses, and we have not the slightest allusion to your Reverence, in this remark, in which the presiding minister or Bishop has wrought himself up to an agreeable belief, that it is his solemn duty to drink wine at weddings and elsewhere,

as a practical testimony of his reverence for his Redeemer. In such atmospheres, of course, no total abstinence society can readily flourish. Such negative influence becomes an obstruction, and very naturally a subject of complaint and remonstrance, and still more so, if these holy men will not co-operate even with a society, pledged to the abandonment of ardent spirits alone. This condition of things engenders a spirit of crimination and recrimination; and, of whatever denomination of Christians he may be, the good man becomes, very reasonably, so long as he sinneth not, a little angry; and the very assurances, which he makes of his continued good humor, are but fresh testimonies of an exacerbated spirit. Whether he rides, or walks, or visits a parishioner, his tongue, *vires acquiras cundo*, becomes, more and more, from day to day, an anti-temperance member. The silence of those, whose loquacity is no match for his own, he attributes to conviction. Having established, in this manner, a high respect for his own opinions, how unkind to withhold them from an erring world! Such persons obtain a relief, by rushing to the press, which may be compared to the effect of the vapor bath in restoring obstructed perspiration. One man pours forth a sermon, upon the danger of being overwise; and another, as in the case of your Reverence, attempts to defend Episcopalians from the charge of hostility against the Temperance reform, by stating upon the authority of an Episcopal Bishop, first, that the Episcopal Church, as a body, is not disposed to be active therein; and secondly, by endeavoring to prove that, if the Society could succeed, it would be the triumph of infidelity! Such a procedure, on the part of any mortal of ordinary pretensions, would beget a strong impression, that his intellectual organs were out of order; but the incongruities of a Bishop may pass upon the community, for a time, as pregnant with some hidden and seemingly unsearchable meaning. Let us then proceed carefully to remove the tunic, and, if possible, ascertain the real value of all that lies beneath.

You commence, as we have stated, "by acknowledging that the Episcopal Church, as a body, is not disposed to be active in what is called the Temperance reform;" and you add—"there are very many exceptions." We are first to inquire, what you mean by the phrase, "as a body." Do you mean the Church, *ecclesia*, in its "conventional or church capacity?" This expression is your own, and from hence we should infer that you did; but, when you speak of exceptions from this body, we should infer, that you did not; and that by the phrase, "as a body," you meant nothing more than the mass of Episcopalians; for it would surely be an unphilosophical employment of language to say that the Legislature, as a body, have enacted a law, but "there are very many exceptions," meaning that there are many, who are opposed to the law, which they had framed, *as a body*. This question can receive no timely answer from you. We therefore proceed to say, that if you mean to affirm that Episcopalians, "as a body," that is, in their conventional or church capacity, are not disposed to be active as other denominations, in the Temperance reform, this we utterly deny, in the whole breadth and length of your assertion. If, on the other hand, you intend to say the same thing of Episcopalians generally, this also we deny; and now Right Reverend Sir, of Episcopalians "in their conventional or church capacity?"

You refer to a convention in Connecticut, where a resolution, in favor of the Temperance Society, was rejected, unanimously, but by a large majority, upon the technical ground, that the body, in its conventional capacity, had nothing to do with this matter. This was the act of a majority in a Diocesan Convention. You also refer, without naming them, to other conventions of our clergy, which had previously taken a similar course. But the very same thing has occurred in the churches of other denominations of Christians. Among Baptists, and Presbyterians, and Methodists, and Unitarians, and Universalists, the very same thing has taken place. The members of different churches, of the same denomination, have not unfrequently pursued different paths, in this respect; and yet a perfectly gratuitous acknowledgment from any member of their respective associations, that, as bodies, they were not disposed to be active in "what is called" the Temperance reform, would be accounted, by such churches, equally presumptuous and unjust. Most truly, the presumption of the self-elected confessor-general of the flock would not be so glaring, nor the injustice so apparent, if the decisions of all such conventions or assemblies were perfectly concurrent. You have referred to the course adopted by the Diocesan Convention of Connecticut. It is rather surprising, Right Reverend Sir, that you could find no place in your lecture, not even room enough in the margin, for a short notice of the proceedings of the Eastern Diocese, which are singularly applicable, though not at all to your purpose. I hoped, in all clarity, to find some sufficient reason for this remarkable omission, by a recurrence to the respective dates of your publication and the printed journal of those proceedings; but I perceive, that the convention of the Eastern Diocese assembled Sept. 24, 1834, and the printed Journal bears the date of that year, while your labors of love were not issued from the press until nearly eight months after, as appears by the date of your preface, May 3, 1835. The Eastern Diocese comprehends three States of the Union—Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and New Hampshire. The Convention of September, 1834, was very fully attended. The venerable Bishop Griswold presided, and the following preamble and resolution passed unanimously:—"As in the view of this Convention, the Temperance Reformation is ultimately connected with the extension and prosperity of the Church of Christ, therefore—Resolved, That this Convention regards, with unfeigned satisfaction, the rise and progress of the Temperance Reformation, and recommends to all the members and friends of the Protestant Episcopal Church, within this Diocese, to use their influence and co-operation to promote it.—That the use of ardent spirits, as a beverage may cease from among us."

It is very apparent that the notions of your Reverence had never entered the heads of the highly respectable delegates in that convention; it had never occurred to them that the success of the Temperance Society would be the triumph of infidelity. But the object, for which we present this unanimous resolve of a convention of the whole Eastern Diocese, is to show clearly, that while a majority of a Diocesan convention, comprising a single State, doubted the expediency of passing such a resolve, in their conventional capacity; another Diocesan convention, comprising three States, found no difficulty whatever in passing it with the most perfect unanimity. I have a letter from a highly respectable minister of our church, dated Aug. 14, 1835, in which he writes thus:—"Two years ago, I think it was, a proposal was made in convention of the Eastern Diocese, to form an Episcopal Temperance Society; and it was adopted by the clergy in attendance, *nem. con.*"

I have further testimony to offer, on this point, but I fear the length of my letters may be fatiguing to your

Reverence and to the public; I therefore conclude for the present.

A MEMBER OF THE PROT. EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

"THE PUBLIC."

The quotidian press of Boston could not do a greater injury to the community, than it is now doing by dignifying unprincipled mobs with the name of "the Public," and calling their outrageous and unlawful proceedings, "The expression of public opinion." It is directly fostering a contempt for those laws, by which alone, our persons, our property, our families, and the peace of society are protected. There is much said, at the present time, about incendiaries. Who are the incendiaries? Look into your dictionaries for the definition.—"One who sets houses or towns on fire, one who inflames factions, or promotes quarrels." A definition which embraces both the principal and the necessary, the actor and the instigator. No extraordinary sagacity is necessary to apply the definition, if the spirit of it be taken. For the spirit of the definition is simply this:—The endangering of life, the destruction of property, and disturbing of the public peace. Now who are the actors and who the instigators of things like these? Why it is plain. The mobs are the actors, and the newspaper editors are the instigators. Let the materials for a mob understand that they are to be called "The Public," and that their proceedings are to be honored with the appellation—"an expression of public opinion," and they need no other license to encourage them to deeds of violence and outrage. But what is the remedy? These editors, though accessories in fact, are not such in law. They take shelter under the constitution. That guarantees the liberty of the press. Therefore unlike the tools they work with, they are not liable to a prosecution in law. Yet there is a remedy. Let the "Public," the intelligent, the virtuous, the peaceable, law-loving "Public," express its opinion, by withdrawing patronage from such incendiary editors, and it will convert them, outwardly at least, into harmless citizens.

ANTI-LYNCH.

There are a few honorable exceptions.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

HOLINESS.

The terms—"Perfect love,"—"Entire sanctification," and "Holiness of heart," are, to the child of God, sweeter than the honey, and the honey-comb. There has been much talking, and writing, and preaching about this subject of late, though we may fear it has been enjoyed but little. Once there were, comparatively few, who believed the doctrine of Christian perfection to be scriptural. But now, alas! there are thousands who believe the doctrine consistent, and easily important, yet live not in accordance with such belief. "Holiness becometh thy house," O Lord!

The importance of our being holy, appears from the position which we occupy in the world. God has designed that the Christian Church should exhibit a practical comment upon the gospel. Said an apostle to his brethren,—"Ye are our epistles known and read of all men." And so might all our ministers say, if we, as a people, enjoyed what we profess to believe to be our privilege and duty to enjoy.

There is, evidently, much done for the Church and cause of God, in outward things, at the present day. Meeting-houses are built; literary institutions are multiplied and supported, and the funds of missionary operations are nobly supplied. But, after all, there is great reason to fear, that we, as a church, are declining in VITAL HOLINESS.

Though our numbers have wonderfully increased, I fear we have less living, positive witnesses of perfect love than formerly. We may rejoice in our outward prosperity, but if we neglect the more weighty subject of holiness, we shall only be as salt which has lost its savor.

The importance of having our hearts (the fountain of our words and actions), under the entire influence of the Holy Ghost, cannot be too deeply impressed upon our ministry. We can be no farther useful than we are holy. Much has been said, of late, about an *educated ministry*; but, my brethren, we need, most of all things, to be *educated in holiness*.

Why were our fathers in the gospel, most of whom have gone to their rewards, more successful than we are? Ah! they were men of one work. They were holy men. And "they that bear the vessels of the Lord, must be holy." How dare we handle a holy gospel, with un sanctified hearts, and impure hands? If there was ever a time when we needed to be entirely dedicated to God, it is the present. There are so many exciting subjects in our country, now, the influence of which, we must in some measure feel, that nothing, but an increasing degree of holiness, will enable us to keep the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace among ourselves. If we were as deeply engaged in promoting this subject as we should be, there would be little danger of our restraining the privileges, or denouncing the motives of those who differ from us, on those subjects which cause present excitement.

J. C. ASPENWALL.

Castine, Maine, Oct. 19th, 1835.

To the Editor of Zion's Herald:

MR. EDITOR—The character of your remarks on the Theatre, has been ultra—conveying the impression that you object to its existence in any condition. The views of the *Cincinnati Chronicle* are in some respects similar to yours; but the suggestion at the close of the paragraph is one, that to our knowledge, you have never considered. Will you, sir, insert the paragraph, with comments, in the Herald?

Respectfully, THREE.

THE THEATRE.—The Drama is a noble institution; but the Theatre—we speak generally—is most shamefully degraded. The stage, so happily adapted to convey lessons of morality, is now, devoted to purposes of, at least, doubtful tendency; and the place, where a "Virtue's own feature" ought to be shown, is

too often occupied by Folly, exhibiting her fantastic tricks.

The abuse of an institution, is, however, no argument against its existence, and the sagacious legislator will endeavor to reform rather than to abolish it. The fool destroys the vessel which has been defiled; the wise man cleanses the platter and reserves it for further use.

Theatrical exhibitions strike the eye, and thereby produce the most powerful impressions on the mind. They bring together, at the same time and place, a great number of persons, and thus, one idea is simultaneously received by a thousand minds, and a thousand memories become alike the abode of one incident. What a powerful engine, then, the Drama is, and what a beneficial influence could be exerted on society, by means of proper scientific representations. Then why not avail ourselves of this means of doing good. Let philanthropic and intelligent men attend the Theatre, and direct the current which they cannot stem. Let not sentiments, when uttered by the players, be applauded; and let him who dares to utter ribaldry be hissed for his "pitiful ambition."—*Cincinnati Chron.*

The primitive design of theatrical performances we approve. We believe that virtue may be illustrated in its strongest features by the drama. Let such plays for instance as HANNAH MORE wrote be acted, and no reasonable being would be offended.

We grant the truth in ordinary cases of the position taken by the editor of the Chronicle, that "the abuse of an institution is no argument against its existence;" but we do not think it can have any application here. The abuse of the theatre is its existence. You cannot reform it. You might as well attempt to reform the destructive whirlwind, and change it to a balmy zephyr. The patrons of the theatre must become virtuous before the thing itself will be so.

We are told that moral plays ARE performed, now. Sometimes, we grant. But how often, think ye, is the effect neutralized by a constant wife being represented by one who is known to be lewd, or a moralist by a rake?

These moral plays are, however, but seldom performed. The "Merry Wives of Windsor,"—the "Devil's Daughter," etc. etc. are such as suit the present vitiated taste of the theatre-going public.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

MR. EDITOR—I have taken the following extract from the works of that eminent French lady, the Baroness Stael Holstein. She is a writer of merited celebrity. Perhaps few females, of any age, possessed a superior mind. She has united the charms of elocution, profound erudition, and deep research. Whatever might have been her views of vital religion, her moral principles are evidently pure. She was a philosophic observer of the events of the French Revolution; in which the world is furnished with a most solemn exhibition of the truth, that the only proper standard of duty, either for individuals or nations, is the moral law of God. That when proceeding on the principles of expediency, we make justice and righteousness either arbitrary, conventional, or circumstantial things, we as certainly deprive Jehovah of His rights, as Caesar of his due.

J. HORTON.

Lynn, Oct. 20, 1835.

Hunt, in his writings on political morality, shows, with the greatest force, that no exception can be admitted in the code of duty. In short, when we rely on circumstances for the justification of an immoral action, upon what principle can we stop at this, or that point? Would not the more impetuous of our natural passions be of much greater power, than the calculations of reason, if we admitted public or private interest as an excuse for injustice?

When it shall be proved, that the earthly interests of a nation may be promoted by an act of meanness or injustice, we shall be equally vile and criminal in committing it; for the integrity of moral principles is of more consequence than the interests of nations. Individuals and societies are answerable, in the first place, for that divine inheritance which ought to be transmitted to successive generations of mankind. Lofsness of mind, generosity, equity, every magnanimous sentiment, in a word, ought, first, to be preserved at our own expense, and even at the expense of others; since they, as well as we, are bound to sacrifice themselves to their sentiments.

It is not the number of individuals, which constitutes that importance, in a moral point of view. When an innocent person dies on the scaffold, whole generations attend to his misfortune; while thousands perish, in battle, without any inquiry after their fate. Whence arises this astonishing difference, which men make between an act of injustice, committed against an individual, and the death of numbers? The cause is, the importance which all attach to the moral law; it is of a thousand times more consequence than physical life in the universe, and the soul of each of us, which is also itself an universe.

It assuredly was not for the advantages of this life,—to secure some additional enjoyments to some days of existence, that conscience and religion were bestowed on man. It was for this: That beings, in the possession of free-will, might choose justice, and sacrifice utility; might prefer the future to the present, the invisible to the visible, and the dignity of the human species to the mere preservation of individuals.

Individuals are virtuous, when they sacrifice their private interests to the general good; but governments, in their turn, are individuals, who ought to sacrifice personal advantages to the law of duty. All true principles are absolute. If, in theory, there is a single case in which a man ought not to do his duty, every philosophical and religious maxim is overturned, and nothing remains, but prudence and hypocrisy.

To allow ourselves the use of bad means for an end which we believe to be good, is a maxim, in conduct, singularly vicious in principle. Men know nothing of the future, nothing of themselves with respect to the to-morrow. In every circumstance, and, in every moment, duty is imperative; and the calculations of wisdom, as to consequences which it may foresee, ought to be of no account in the estimate of duty. What right have those, who were the instruments of a seditious authority, to keep the truth of

honest men, because they committed unjust actions in a gentle manner? Rudeness, in executing injustice, would have been much better; for the difficulty of supporting it would have increased. The most mischievous of all alliances is, that of a sanguinary decree, and a polite executioner.

When we set about bargaining with circumstances, all is lost; for there is no one who cannot plead this excuse. One has a wife, children, or nephews, who are in need of fortunes; others want active employment, or allege, I know not what virtuous pretext, which all lead to the necessity of having a place, to which money and power are attached.

The art of sophists has, always, been to oppose one duty to another. We incessantly imagine circumstances, in which this frightful perplexity may exist. The greater part of dramatic fictions are founded upon it. Yet real life is more simple; we, there, frequently see virtues opposed to interests; but perhaps it is true, that no honest man could even doubt, on any occasion, what his duty enjoined. The voice of conscience is so delicate, that it is easy to stifle it; but it is so clear, that it is impossible to mistake it.

A known maxim contains, under a simple form, all the theory of morals—"Do what you ought, happen what will." When we decide, on the contrary, that the propriety of a public man consists in sacrificing every thing to the temporal advantage of his nation, then many occasions may be found when we may become immoral by our morality. This sophism is as contradictory in its substance, as in its form: this would be to treat virtue as a conjectural science, and as entirely submitted to circumstances in its application. May God guard the heart from such a responsibility! The light of our understanding is too uncertain to enable us to judge of the moment, when the eternal laws of duty may be suspended; or rather, this moment does not exist.

If it was once generally acknowledged, that national interests itself ought to be subordinate to those nobler thoughts which constitute virtue, how would the conscientious man be at ease? How would every thing, in politics, appear clear to him, when, before, a continued hesitation made him tremble at every step? It is this very hesitation, which has caused honest men to be thought incapable of state-affairs. They have been accused of pusillanimity, of weakness, of fear; and, on the contrary, those who have carelessly sacrificed the weak to the powerful, and their scruples to their interests, have been called men of an *energetic nature*. It is, however, an easy energy which tends to our own advantage; or, at least, to that of the ruling faction; for every thing that is done, according to the sense of the multitude, invariably partakes of weakness, let it appear ever so violent.

When once we have said, that morals ought to be sacrificed to national interests, we are liable to construct the word, nation, from day to day, and to make it signify, at first, our own partisans, then our friends, and then our family, which is but a decent synonyme for ourselves.

SINGULAR OLD SONNET.

The longer life the more offence;
The more offence the greater gain;
The greater gain the less defence;
The less defence the lesser gain;
The loss of gain long ill doth try;
Wherefore, come death, and let me die.

The shorter life less count I find;
The less account the sooner made;
The count soon made the merrier mind;
The merrier mind doth thought invade;
Short life in truth this thing doth try;
Wherefore, come death, and let me die.

Come, gentle death, the ebb of care;
The ebb of care the flood of life;
The flood of life, the joyful fare;
The joyful fare the end of strife;
The end of strife, that ending wish I;
Wherefore, come death, and let us die.

A CLOSE STUDENT.—Lord Brougham, who has since so much distinguished himself by his ardor in favor of common schools, as well as by his writings and parliamentary speeches, is said, at college, to have studied with such ardor as sometimes not to have changed his clothes for sixteen days and nights.

We take the following from the Lowell Times. We cannot vouch for its truth. It must stand upon the responsibility of the paper, from which it was taken:—

NIGHT SCENE IN LOWELL.

A HINT.—We would not be disrespectful to "dignities," but we do verily believe, that if Bishop Hopkins and the Editor of the Catholic Sentinel would join the Temperance Society, doubtless they would become better Theologians, better men, and do vastly more good in their day and generation than by continuing their opposition to the Temperance cause.—*The Pledge.*

MENSA EDITORS—I have witnessed a scene, which is so admirably illustrative of the excellent hint contained in the above extract, that I am tempted, perforce, to give it you. I was walking up Merrimack Street, when I perceived two individuals approaching. Now these individuals, though

"They had a tolerable notion
Of aiming at progressive motion,
"Twas not direct; 'twas serpentine."

A nearer inspection discovered in one of the bacchanals, no less a personage than the redoubtable George Pepper, the illegitimate scion and idler of that admirable repository of knowledge, the *Caterpillar Sentinel*. The second person, I am informed, was that "prince of toppers," the junior Catholic priest of this town. The pair proceeded on their course towards Central Street, stopping only six times to offer certain familiar gallantries to the fair passengers of the pave, each of whom declined the officious advances of the Holy Father and his companion, "the dramatist, historian, and poet," who finally took refuge in the bar-room of the American House.

This scene was also witnessed by a young gentleman, of high respectability resident in this town, who is ready to vouch for its truth.

A LOWELLIAN.

this host, now boisterously trampling the streets, should seek it thus? Does Wellington or Peel, within the walls of St. Stephen's, either promise himself an existence that a Marlborough or a Canning has not, that each struggles so fiercely in the conflict of parties? What confusion this is here! What involutions of streets and lanes! What piles of brick, mortar, and stone! What a wilderness of men! What a hell of thoughts and actions, and I, among them all, am but the millionth and five hundredth part! Good God, how utterly insignificant we are!

PUNCTUALITY.—President Washington was the most punctual man in the observance of appointments, ever known to the writer. He delivered his communications to Congress, at the opening of each session, in person. He always appointed the hour of twelve at noon for this purpose, and he never failed to enter the hall of Congress while the state-house clock was striking that hour. His invitations to dinner were always given for four o'clock, P. M. He allowed five minutes for the variation of time-pieces; and he waited no longer for any one. Certain lagging members of Congress sometimes came in when dinner was nearly half over. The writer has heard the President say to them, with a smile, "Gentlemen, we are too punctual for you; I have a cook who never asks, whether the company has come, but whether the hour has come."

SINGING BOOKS.

AS the season is approaching for the commencement of Singing Schools, the subscriber would give notice that all the varieties of Singing Books will be furnished at the publishers' prices, at No. 19 Washington street.

D. H. Eln.

LIVE GEESSE AND RUSSIA FEATHERS, AT Nos. 8 & 10 DOCK SQUARE, BOSTON. ROGERS & HASKELL offer for sale best Northern and Western Live Geese and Russia FEATHERS, which are warranted free from smell or mols.

July 8.

WHITTIER & WARREN.

WARRANTED BOOTS AND SHOES of all descriptions, by the package or single pair, No. 14 Dock Square, (opposite Faneuil Hall), Boston.

Sept. 9.

TO CARPENTERS.

THE proprietors of the Methodist Meeting House at Newton, Upper Falls, being desirous of enlarging the House, request Carpenters in the vicinity, who may wish for the job, to call, without delay, on

MARSHALL S. RICE.

BOSTON INDIA RUBBER FACTORY. THE BOSTON INDIA RUBBER FACTORY have taken a Warehouse at No. 5 State street, where they now offer for sale such articles as are manufactured at their Factory, consisting of a great variety at any other establishment in this city. All goods offered to the public at the above warehouse will be supplied with the Factory's name, and warranted of the first quality, and no use will be higher prices be charged than at other establishments.

The public are respectfully invited to call. Purchasers from the West will find a good assortment, adapted for those markets.

FREDERICK GOULD, Agent.

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WANTED.

A NUMBER of enterprising and responsible men, of genteel address, and good moral habits, as Agents to circulate Popular Works, to whom good encouragement will be given.—Inquire at No. 19 Washington street.

Oct. 14, 1835.

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, TO WIT: DISTRICT CLERK'S OFFICE. L. S. BE it remembered, that on the first day of October, Anno Domini 1835, William C. Woodbridge, of the said District, and Emma Willard, of the District of New York, have deposited in this office the Title of a book, the title of which is in the words following, to wit:—"School Atlas to accompany Woodbridge's Rudiments of Geography." Atlas on a new plan, exhibiting the prevailing Religions, Forms of Government, Degrees of Civilization, and the comparative size of Towns, Rivers, and Mountains. By WILLIAM C. WOODBRIDGE, A. M., late Instructor in the American Asylum; containing the following Maps: I. The World. II. Chart of the World. III. North America. IV. United States. V. South America. VI. Europe. VII. Asia. VIII. Africa. IX. Chart of Climate and Productions. The right whereof they claim as Proprietors, in conformity with an act of Congress, entitled, "An Act to amend the several acts respecting Copy-rights."

FRANCIS BASSETT.

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Oct. 14.

FURNITURE AND CHAIRS.

ROGERS & HASKELL, continue to keep for sale at Nos. 8 & 10 Dock Square, a good assortment of Furniture and Chairs, which they offer very low for cash.

July 8.

BOTANIC INFIRMARY.

Let the Sick read and attend!

THE SIMPLICITY AND CREDULITY OF AN ARMENIAN GIRL.

(An extract from the work entitled "Ship and Shore.")

"I met there, one morning," says the author, speaking of the Armenian burying-ground, "a little girl with a half playful countenance, busy blue eyes, and sunny locks, bearing in one hand a small cup, and in the other a wreath of fresh flowers. Feeling a very natural curiosity to know what she could do with these bright things in a place that seemed to partake so much of sadness, I watched her light motions. Reaching a retired grave, covered with a plain marble slab, she emptied the seed— which it appeared the cup contained—into the slight cavity which had been scooped out in the corners of the slab, and laid the wreath on its pure face.

"And why, my sweet girl," I inquired, "do you put the seed in those little bowls there?"

"It is to bring the birds here," she replied, with a half wondering look; "they will light on this tree, pointing to the cypress above, "when they have eaten the seed, and sing."

"To whom do they sing?" I asked; "to each other?"

"O no," she quickly replied; "to my sister—she lies there."

"But your sister is dead?"

"O yes, sir; but she hears the birds sing."

"Well, if she hears the birds sing, she cannot see that wreath of flowers?"

"But she knows I put it there; I told her, before they took her away from our house, I would come and see her every morning."

"You must," I continued, "have loved that sister very much; but you will never talk with her any more, never see her again."

"Yes, sir," she replied, with a brightened look, "I shall see her always in heaven."

"But she has gone there already, I hope."

"No, she stops under this tree, till they bring me here, and then we are going to heaven together."

"But she has gone already, my child; you will meet her there, I trust; but certainly she is gone and left you to come afterwards."

"She looked at me—her eyes began to swim—I could have clasped her to my heart.

"Come here, my sweet one—be it so, That 'neath this cypress tree Thy sister sees thee eyes o'erflow, And fondly waits for thee—

That still she hears the young birds sing, And feels the chaplets bloom— Which every morning light hands bring, To dress her early tomb.

And when they bring thee where she lies, To share her narrow rest, Like sister seraphs may ye rise, To join the bright and blest.

TEMPERANCE ANECDOTE. After the deliverance of a Temperance lecture in one of the interior towns of our Commonwealth, the lecturer gave notice that a paper would be circulated among the congregation, for such to sign as pleased, pledging themselves to support the cause of Temperance, &c. A certain justice of the peace, then, and there being, arose and observed that for himself, he should sign no pledge, for he was willing to acknowledge that he now and then was in the habit of taking a drop, just to give nature a jog, and he thought it did him good. Next arose Zebedee Zozzle, who thinking that he had as much right to speak as the squire, or any other one, thus addressed the chair:—Mr. Moderator, if I be a leetle soaky, whose business is that? Now you see the squire's made a speech, and I am going; so this is it,—I tell ye what, the Squire has spiced my opinion zactly, and that's enough.—Bridgewater Pat.

THE NATIVITY AT ROME.—The Virgin was habited in the court dress of the last century, as rich as silk and satin, gold-lace, and puffed diamonds could make it, with a flaxen wig, and high-heeled shoes. The infant Saviour lay in her lap, his head encircled with rays of gilt wire, at least two yards long. The shepherds were very well done, but the sheep and dogs best of all; I believe they were the real animals stuffed.

There was a distant landscape seen between the pasteboard trees, which was well painted, and from the artificial disposition of the light and perspective, was almost a deception—but by a blunder very consistent with the rest of the show, it represented a part of the Campagna of Rome. Above all was a profane representation of that Being, whom I dare scarcely allude to, in conjunction with such preposterous vanities, encircled with saints, angels, and clouds; the whole got up very much like a scene in a pantomime, and accompanied by music from a concealed orchestra, which was intended, I believe, to be sacred music, but sounded to me like some of Rossini's airs.

In front of the stage there was a narrow passage directed off, admitting one person at a time, through which a continued file of persons moved along, who threw down their contributions as they passed, bowing and crossing themselves with great devotion. It would be impossible to describe the ecstasies of the multitude, the lifting up of hands and eyes, the string of superlatives—the bellissimos, santissimos, gloriosissimos, and maravigliossimos with which they expressed their applause and delight.—Mrs. Jameson's Sketches.

DESCRIPTION OF A WELCH LABORER'S COTTAGE.

"His warfare is within. There, unfatigued, His fervent spirit labors. There he fights, And there obtains fresh triumphs o'er himself, And never withering wreaths, compared with which The laurels that a Caesar wears are weeds."

It was one of those poor huts, that are thinly sprinkled by the sides of the hills, inhabited by peasants and shepherds. As we approached, first one, and then two more fine children, almost in a state of nakedness, ran out to see what little Toby, the dog, could be so alarmed at. A stout, fresh-colored woman, with dark, sparkling eyes, and black hair, made her appearance; who, seeing our condition, welcomed us, by the most inviting sounds in her language, to her cot. It was partly formed, by a hollow, in the slate rock, and partly by walls of mud, mixed with chopped rushes, covered with sedge, and having a watted, or basket-work chimney. The entrance was, at the gable end, facing the south-east, which was defended, during the night, or in very cold weather, by a watted hurdle, covered with rushes. A wall of turf for fuel, served as a partition for the bedroom, furnished with a bed of heath and dried rushes in one corner. The furniture was such as necessity dictated. Some loose stones formed the grate; two large ones, with a plank across, supplied the place of chairs; a kettle, with a backstone for baking oven cakes, answered every purpose for cooking; and two coarse earthen pitchers stood by, for the preserving, or carrying water and dog-draught, the usual beverage of the family. On our making some inquiries respecting the neighborhood, she expressed a wish that her husband had been at home, as he would have been able to have given us the desired information.

"You have a husband, then?" said I. With a smile of approbation on her face, she replied,—Yes, blessed be God. He and his father before him, were born here. I am as happy as any of the great folks; for he loves me and his children, and works very hard, and we want for nothing that he can get for us. He is a peater; digging peat, in the adjacent moors, and carrying it for sale. Asking what wages he might get, she said, "That depends upon the weather; sometimes six shillings in the week, and sometimes three or four. They had a little cow on the lease, and a few sheep on the hills." "What assistance do you, yourself, give?" said I. She observed, shaking her head at the time,—That she could do very little; her work was knitting, at which, with the assistance of her two eldest girls, one five, and the other seven years old, if not interrupted, they could earn

five pence a day, but that the younger children engrossed much of her time, and she soon expected another. Now, recollect they had to maintain a family of seven; a man, his wife, and five children! The mother looked in health, and the children, though thinly clad, ruddy and smiling.

"What, alas! Has o'er their little limbs, yet still, hung in many a tattered fold; yet still, those limbs Are shapely; their rude locks start from their brow, Yet, on that open brow, its dearest throne, Sits sweet simplicity!"

Indeed, there did not appear any thing like the misery and filth observable in the dwellings of many of the poor, whose weekly income is four or six times as great. Though the floor was formed of the native rock, it was regularly swept with a besom, made of sedge, bound with a band of the same; and the fuel was as regularly piled as bread on a baker's shelves. All appeared in order: but the air of content, apparent in the looks of this humble cottager and her family, put us all, justly, to the blush!

A multitude of superior blessings, too often abused, rushed instantly upon our recollection, at witnessing so much reason and gratitude in the habitation of strict poverty. If we had reason to be thankful, that we were not constrained thus to earn our bread, and live, secluded, amidst these mountains, we had, still more so, for the education which had given us greater degrees of knowledge, and, if not lost to ourselves, greater happiness. We were anxious to know in what school this woman had learnt so important a lesson. "Sir," says she, "we regularly go to yonder church, (pointing to the hills,) where we hear that all we have, is the gift of God; and that, if we possess health and strength, we possess more than we deserve. If, sensible of our utter unworthiness, we sincerely believe in the Redeemer, and, following his example, perform the duties enjoined on us in his gospel, relying for assistance, on his Holy Spirit, conducting ourselves with propriety in that state of life in which it has pleased God to call us, we shall, after death, change this poor uncertain life for a better, where we shall be ever happy; and the frequent burial of our friends and neighbors informs us, daily, that this event can be at no great distance." Astonished at so much good sense and piety, where I so little expected to find it, I exclaimed,—Just step into this humble cot, ye rich and gay, and learn that happiness ye so earnestly seek in vain,—a happiness, which neither wealth nor pleasure can bestow."

HINTS. The following ironical hints in an English paper, will answer equally as well for this meridian:—

"There are three things, yea, four, as the wise man says, which we like to see. 1. We like to see a person enter a printing office, and lay his (P) upon the matter put in type for insertion in the paper, and knock it into it. 2. We like to see a man seize a piece of manuscript copy from a compositor, and examine the hand writing. 3. We like to see a person thrust his phiz into the "editor's closet," and peep over his shoulder. 4. We like to see every man, woman and child, give an editor advice, (gratis, of course), and kindly tell him, if he does not pursue a particular course, he will violate their feelings, and possibly lose a subscriber—don't you, reader?"

ANCIENT PSALMODY.—Before the days of Isaac Watts, the standard of sacred songs was rather low. An instance:—

"Tis like the precious oil-MENT,
Down Aaron's beard he'd go;
Down Aaron's beard it downward went,
His garment skirts unto.

Another instance we give, perhaps a little more poetical, if not quite so exalted.

Ye monks of the bubbling deep,
Your Maker's praises shout;
Up from the sands, ye codlings peep,
And wag your tails about!

COLERIDGE.—In a lecture delivered upward of twenty years ago, at some hall in Fenton-lane, he addressed readers into four classes. The first he compared to an hour glass, their reading being as the sand—it runs in and it runs out; and leaves not a vestige behind. A second class, he said, resembled a sponge—which imbibes every thing, and returns it in nearly the same state, only a little dirtier. A third class he likened to a jelly-bag—which allows all that is pure to pass away, and retains only the refuse and the dregs. The fourth class, of which he trusted there were many among his auditors, he compared to the slaves in the diamond mines of Golconda—who, casting aside all that is worthless, preserved only the pure gem.—Literary Gazette.

A FORTUNE IN A WIFE.—"I think Miss B.—a very agreeable, sweet-tempered good girl, who has had a housewife education, and will make, to a good husband, a very good wife. I suppose you think with me, that where every thing else is desirable is to be met with, that (a fortune) is very material. It does not bring a fortune she will help to make one. Industry, frugality, and prudent economy in a wife, are to a tradesman, in their effects, a fortune."—Franklin.

FROM DR. FRANKLIN TO HIS SISTER JANE, 1736-7.—"I have been thinking what would be a suitable present for me to make, and for you to receive, as I hear you are grown a celebrated beauty. I had almost determined on a tea-table; but when I considered that the character of a good house-wife was far preferable to that of being only a pretty gentleman's woman, I concluded to send you a spinning wheel, which I hope you will accept as a small token of my sincere love and affection."

Sister, farewell, and remember that modesty, as it makes the most lovely and agreeable ornament to a woman, so the want of it infinitely renders the most perfect beauty disagreeable and odious. But when that brightest of female virtues, shines among other perfections of body and mind in the same person, it makes the woman more lovely than an angel."

EMILUS AND CLARA;
OR THE HAPPY PAIR.

Each was to each, a dearer self.—Thompson.

Every day after work, Emilius congratulated himself upon the hours of relaxation, which permitted him to rejoice Clara, in whom he felt at every return new attractions. Seated at her side, over the fragrant blaze, under the thatch of the little cottage, and balancing upon his knees one of his infants, while the other hung harmlessly at the breast of its mother, he forgot his fatigues; he forgot that he had been laboring ever since the sun had arisen, even to its going down; or even if he did remember his weariness, the recollection of exertions by which he fed his babes, saw them innocently eating the bread he had earned, and merited a tender smile from his Clara, rendered the whole more touching. Transported by these most agreeable prospects, nothing disturbed the repose: "All was truly full." The husband, the wife, and children were together. Their imagination could picture nothing softer, nothing happier than themselves.

The sight of their children always augmented their felicity.—They were not less touched with an embarrassment they perceived in these little creatures, while they were stammering to express their tenderness, and while their pains were rewarded by a thousand cares and caresses. What a source of pleasure was it to Emilius and Clara, to interpret their will to satisfy their desires, and to condescend even to join in their innocent pastime!

Ah! how happy was Emilius, when he felt the tender hands of his children struggling to embrace his own, hardened as they were by work, and browned by the wind and weather! The son one

day was curious to know the reason of this. "And why papa," said he, "is not your hand as soft as mine?" Why it is so hard papa?—"In making bread for you and your mother," replied Emilius with paternal and gentle dignity. "It is, you see, almost worn out in the service." "Oh, oh!" cried the child, "is that the case? Well then, by the time it has made us a little more bread, mine will grow soft enough to make bread too; and then we shall see papa, whose will be the hardest."—The child copied the virtuous pride of the father; Emilius blushed with joy, and Clara shed a tear.

ZION'S HERALD.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1835.

HOW MANY POPIH CHURCHES ARE THERE?

"Mr. Editor, you are really making much ado about nothing. The Roman Catholics are few and far between, and never can obtain a supremacy in point of numbers or ecclesiastical influence in this country."

So said a most worthy friend of ours, not long since. He was mistaken, and the following facts will prove it: will they not, reader?

"The number of their Churches is stated to be 401, located as follows:—

Louisiana,	27	Delaware,	3
Alabama,	20	New Jersey,	6
Florida,	3	New York,	44
Georgia,	21	Michigan,	27
South Carolina,	11	Ohio,	27
North Carolina,	12	Kentucky,	17
Maryland,	56	Missouri,	28
Virginia,	11	Illinois,	10
Dist. Columbia,	4	Arkansas,	3
Pennsylvania,	57	Indiana,	9
Connecticut,	3	Maine,	2
Rhode Island,	5	Vermont,	6
Massachusetts,	12	Tennessee,	1
New Hampshire,	2	Mississippi,	1

The number of priests is 341; mass houses about 300; Catholic colleges 10; seminaries for young men 9; theological seminaries 5; novitiates for Jesuits 2; monasteries and convents with academies attached for young ladies 31; seminaries, &c. for young ladies 30; schools of sisters of charity 29; academy for colored girls at Baltimore 1; female Indian school, Michigan, 1. Total number of Catholic institutions for the education of Protestants and Catholics, 118; Catholic newspapers 7. These statistics are drawn from Roman Catholic publications."

No cause for alarm—oh, no. How puerile to think of opposing only 341 Priests, who are pledged to a foreign politico-religious potentate, and who are determined to get us under the yoke.

"But we must—we must!"—cries out some sturdy yeoman from the New England hills.

Now do keep calm—if you've any thing to say, whisper it. Be careful not to "hurt their feelings."

"Yes, but the time has come to—"

Hush, hush, you'll most certainly be heard. Don't pray be so boisterous.

WONDERFUL!—The N. Y. Commercial Advertiser quotes the Boston Commercial Gazette as authority relative to a debatable question.—We never should go to that paper to learn a fact. As soon would we think of asking Satan to describe the glories of Paradise, as they appeared before he was hurled from his eternal battlements.

"AN INDEPENDENT STAND."

A peace-loving contemporary, who has set his face, like a flint, against all controversy, writes an editorial with this caption, and refers to certain papers which have taken stand against Popery, the use of Alcohol, instead of wine, at the sacrament, etc. After a long introduction, Mr. Editor continues:—

We turn, next, to the oracle of God, and ask there,—What is an independent stand? There can be no mistake respecting the response, which it continually utters. "Peace on earth, and good will toward men," was the heavenly watchword, which announced the coming of the Son of God. Our Saviour preached to the Jews,—If the truth shall make you free, then are ye free indeed."

But, is the above a command, that peace shall exist at the expense of principle? Rather, is it not the expression of a simple desire? And what good man, deeply imbued with the spirit of Jesus, does not put his hand upon his heart, and say,—Peace on earth, and good-will to men?"

NOT ONE.

We would take the liberty to give a definition of this frequently quoted phrase. An Independent Stand, on the part of an editor, is a bold, dignified, Luther-like defence of those doctrines which he conscientiously believes true,—come hell, or come wo. It is the stern refusal of sin, in high places or low places; it is the opposite of the man's, who cringes and fawns round the good and bad alike; who gives the warm hand of Christian fellowship to the wretch, who has already plunged the dagger into the bosom of his own friends.

This is, most emphatically, an age of CONTOVERSY. It will be remembered, as such, by all coming generations. Controversy we must have. Would the editor of the —, we will not mention the name—have the religious community told its arms, and sing itself to sleep, while the enemy are in the field, sowing tares? Would he have the ministry rock the people into a doze, while poison is working in their congregations?

Now, pray, Mr. Editor, don't answer these questions—if you do, most certainly you will split upon that terrible rock of evil. Take care—take care.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

WILBRAHAM CAMP-MEETING.

It is expected, no doubt, by our Christian friends, that some account will be given of the success of those camp-meetings, the appointments of which have been previously notified in the Herald. It was intended to have made a communication respecting that held at Wilbraham, in September last, immediately upon its conclusion, but circumstances, not easily to be controlled, have hitherto prevented.

The brief statement, now forwarded, is to record the goodness and mercy of God to His people, and to sinners. It is not intended to detail all that might be interesting, in the particular circumstances of the meeting, but only what characterized it in general.

During the whole period of its continuance, we were favored with remarkably fine weather, and, in general, the best order prevailed in all the religious exercises of the meeting. The preaching was spiritual, instructing, solemn, and energetic. The ambassadors of reconciliation to lost men, appeared to feel deeply the importance of their mission; and, having their hearts deeply imbued with the Holy Spirit, the congregations greatly felt, while they spoke. Generally, profound solemnity and deep attention were evinced by the hearers, while public services were performed; and the prayer-meetings, in the circles and in the tents, were highly interesting, spiritual, and profitable. The spirituality and interest of the meeting increased to its close; and scores will, unquestionably, recollect with fervent gratitude, in time and eternity, the special manifestations of the Divine Presence they were graciously permitted to enjoy.

Many of the people of God sought, and, it is believed, found the blessing of perfect love; and a number of the backslidden were joyfully reclaimed.

Between sixty and seventy were brought from the ignominious slavery of sin, into the glorious liberty of the children of God. It may, perhaps, be useless to add, that

the cries of the wounded and the songs of the healed, were frequently heard during the progress of the meeting, since this is what may always be expected upon such occasions of the out-pourings of the Spirit of God.

The beneficial effect, of the meeting, are discoverable on a number of circuits and stations within the limits of Springfield district; and there is considerable religious excitement, and a good work, in several places.

May the great Head of the Church, hear the supplications of His saints, and spread this work, of saving human souls, to the ends of the world.

Oct. 19, 1835. J. A. MERRILL.

GOOD NEWS!

Bellows Falls, Oct. 30th, 1835.

BROTHER KINGSBURY.—Since our last Annual Conference, Israel's God has evidently been with us on Winchester District. We have had two CAMP-MEETINGS; one of which you have had an account by Brother Woolley. The blessed effects are still realized in the vicinity where the meeting was held. The other, which was held in HENNINGER, N. H., I have seen no mention made in your, or any other periodical. It was one of the most interesting meetings I ever attended, particularly to the Church; though sinners were not forgotten, either by the Head of the Church, or the Church itself. A score, or more, were converted to the truth as it is in Jesus. A considerable number, when they came on to the ground, enjoyed the blessing of perfect love; many more experienced it there; and several, who had formerly received this great blessing, but had lost it, there found it again; while almost every believing heart was made strong in God, and in the power of his might.

The closing, or parting scene, was one of the most powerful and glorious that I ever witnessed.

The power of God came down, after we had shaken hands, and the lovers of Jesus fell, like men slain in battle; though there was no wrath in the One who slew, or in the slain. But the latter were, evidently, unutterably full of glory. The pleasure that I enjoyed, during that last hour, on that consecrated ground, speaking after the manner of men, amply repaid me for every temptation, trial, and affliction through which I have passed, during the eighteen years of my Christian experience; and if so much can be enjoyed in one hour, in this life, what must be that eternal weight of glory reserved, in heaven, for the faithful? Scores of others, I presume, felt much as I did. Glory to God for a full salvation.

I am satisfied that I have never known so much of the spirit of holiness in the Methodist Episcopal Church since my acquaintance with it, particularly on this District. I say this District, because, as a matter of course, I am more acquainted here when I travel. Other Districts in this Conference may be more prosperous than mine. This is hoped to be the case. Many of the preachers enjoy the blessing of holiness; and when the preachers live and preach holiness, it must spread in the Church. May the time soon come, when preachers and members shall be holy unto the Lord. The good Lord is favoring several of the Circuits with reformation, an account of which you will probably have at a proper time.

C. D. CAHOON, P. E.

PRINCIPLES AND APPLICATIONS.

We have sometimes heard principles advocated from the pulpit, upon which we were enjoined most solemnly to act. Under the influence of the solemn admonitions of the preacher we have, the next day, applied them, in his presence, in a common-sense manner, to obvious cases.

Were we right or wrong? Yet, by the same preacher, have we been rebuked, and reminded of certain hair-splitting distinctions, which neutralized their application in these instances.

Moral.—No man should advance a sentiment, in a promiscuous congregation, which he does not design they shall carry out broadly and fully.

THE MENAGERIE FOR TAME BEASTS.

This new attempt to destroy the morals of the city, don't please the citizens, it seems. They think we, already, have enough of such trash.

A numerous meeting was held, in Mason-street School House, on the 28th ult., to take the subject into consideration. The following resolutions were passed:—

Resolved, That in the opinion of this meeting, the license for establishing a Circus for theatrical exhibitions, on the site of the Lion tavern, was obtained by surprise, and without due notice to the citizens in general, and the inhabitants of this neighborhood in particular, and the same ought to be revoked; and that—

Messrs. Edward Brooks, Warren Dutton, Moses Grant, Walter Channing, Samuel Fales, S. H. Parker, Stephen Fairbanks, John D. Fisher, Daniel Messenger, Benj. V. French, E. G. Austin, Esch Hale, Ivers J. Austin, Isreal Martin, John P. Farmer, Amos Lawrence, and G. Thompson, be a Committee to appear in behalf of this meeting before a Committee of the Board of Aldermen, to whom the subject is referred, and before the Board itself at any time, and to take such measures as they may think proper to procure the revocation of the said License.

Resolved, That an establishment of this description is in a high degree objectionable, inasmuch as it tends to lead the young into dissipation and vice, to hold out temptations to persons, of all classes, to indulge in habits of idleness and expense, and to subvert the order, peace, and morals of society, and that all these evils are aggravated by the location, selected in the midst of a densely settled part of the city.

WHEN WILL IT BE DONE?

The excellent Mayor of Boston will, of course, in order to finish the work he so nobly commenced on the day of the infamous riot, issue his proclamation, offering a reward for the offenders. It is expected by the citizens.

Now we are upon the subject of MOBS, we believe the time has come, when the most rigorous measures should be adopted to suppress them. Let the riot act be read; let the people be distinctly commanded to disperse; then let a military company be drawn up, and commanded to fire into them. This may be thought cruel. But it is a necessary cruelty. Nothing else will save us.

"DRINK YE ALL OF IT."

We are inclined to think the following covers beneath its sober front a palpable hit. Let us apply it to an imaginary case. A Doctor of Divinity writes a pamphlet upon the danger of being overripe. He touches upon the subject of wine at the Sacrament, and virtually informs us that we violate a command in substituting pure wine for impure. Well, this conscientious gentleman in the course of five Sabbaths must administer the blessed ordinance. It is a stormy day, and but few have assembled.

His Deacons, however—good souls—the week before laid in a large stock of Pomroy & Bull's certified, and filled the flagons full.

Now what shall the clergyman do? Here is the injunction of our Saviour—"Drink ye all of it," on the one hand; and on the other, positive drunkenness, if followed. It must be distributed to the lookers-on, for the same blessed Redeemer said—"Divide it among yourselves."

There's a quandary for you!

But, perhaps, our correspondent desired a sober answer. Its obvious application made us suppose it might be ironical. Will some intelligent writer—say Theophilus—give a reply?

MR. KINGSBURY:—I have read with much interest the articles written by Mr. SARGENT which have appeared in your paper on the subject of wine at the Sacrament. I am decided, in the opinion, that unfornemented wine is the only proper element to be used at that holy ordinance; and in using this, I feel satisfied that Christians conform to the letter of the instructions of our blessed Lord, at least, as much as when they use fermented wine. But what I am desirous of being instructed in, is in relation to the quan-

tity of the fruit of the vine to be used at the sacrament. The command of our Saviour, is—"Drink ye all of it."

Will you, my dear sir, or one of your correspondents, inform me, if, in only tasting the wine at the Sacrament, I fail to fulfil the command of our Lord? And as there are many communicants who, no doubt, are in the habit of merely tasting the wine, but who, nevertheless, may probably be very tenacious of the letter of our Lord's command, some instruction on this point may be acceptable; I know it will to one, who, on all points relating to the word of God wishes to know and perform his duty.

Nov. 1, 1835.

LOOSE THOUGHTS.

Much mischief is done to the cause of Christianity by publishing arguments and thoughts loosely written. They may be short, but they should have intimate connection.

The editor of one of the best religious periodicals in the United States, published an account from a correspondent of a female who had peculiar exercises. These were so strange that "numbers of individuals heard the words that fell from her lips with joy, horror, and utter astonishment."

The following are some of those words: "The sinners. Down, down, down. Darkness, darkness, darkness. Pressed, pressed, pressed. My hearts bleeds, bleeds, bleeds for them that's lost—sinners, if you could feel what I feel, and see what I see, you would tremble, tremble, tremble."

She then would speak of the condition of the saints in glory—"Oh, then stars, then stars, I'll never forget them bright stars that I saw, brighter than the meridian sun." Of the employment of the saints, she would say—"High, high, higher, higher. Fly, fly, fly. Around, around, around the throne, here, there, every where, to the uttermost ends of the world."

We feel sure our respectable and talented brother who inserted this was not fully aware of its unmeaning character.

It is such matter as Infidels seize, and turn to their own use. Let us give them no weapon.

BRANDY AND PEPPER.

Our dear friend, the editor of the Popham "Sentinel," has been publishing a most delightful account of a journey to Hartford. The following extract we publish for the benefit of the cold-water folks:—

When the stage arrived at a tavern, within ten miles of Hartford, where the horses were changed, we jumped out, in the confident hope of getting a glass of BRANDY AND WATER, to slake a keen thirst, caused by a dinner of salted mackerel; but lo, "we reckoned without our host," for he told us he was not licensed to sell ardent spirits.

As thirst, like hunger, is good sense, we took a glass of what he called wine, though a pernicious and detestable mixture of chemical poison. After diluting the luscious liquid with water, we observed to the landlord,—"Do you, Sir, not think that you violated justice and morality more, by selling this vile trash, than in accommodating your customers with genuine and generous French Brandy?"

So much for the "official organ!"

PHRENOLOGY AND LEGISLATION.

JOHN NEAL, Esq. lectured last Friday evening upon the propriety of applying phrenological principles to legislation.

city of the fruit of the vine to be used at the sacrament. The command of our Saviour, is—"Drink ye ALL of it." Will you, my dear sir, or one of your correspondents, inform me, if, in only tasting the wine at the sacrament, I fail to fulfill the command of our Lord? And as there are many communicants who, no doubt, are in the habit of merely tasting the wine, but who, nevertheless, may probably be very tenacious of the letter of our Lord's command, some instruction on this point may be acceptable; I know it will to one, who, on all points relating to the word of God wishes to know and perform his duty.

Nov. 1, 1835.

LOOSE THOUGHTS.

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BRANDY AND PEPPER.

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So much for the "official organ!"

PHRENOLOGY AND LEGISLATION.

JOHN NEAL, Esq. lectured last Friday evening upon the propriety of applying phrenological principles to legislation.

We wish he had thought more thoroughly upon the subject before he broached it. As yet, we say keep it as far from the sacred halls as possible.

Glorious times we should have, indeed, when judges instead of comparing evidence relative to a criminal would compare bumps. What if we were put into the prisoner's box for fighting?

Prisoner, come this way. (His Honor fingers beneath our hair a few moments, and says.)

Sorry to say, gentlemen of the jury, you will be compelled to find the prisoner "guilty." I find presumptive evidence on his cranium. He has the organ of "combativeness" fully developed.

There is another slight difficulty in our way. An individual may have the organ of "destructiveness" very prominent. Yet Mr. Neal and every other common-sense phrenologist knows that sometimes these protuberances are not caused by a pressure of the brain, but by an unusual thickness of the skull. How are we to tell which is the fact in any one instance?

The writer of the following poetry, is a lady of Springfield, Mass. Her poetical talents, which are certainly very respectable, ought to be cultivated. We do not flatter when we say that, with its defects, for there are some,—there are nevertheless some lines which will fairly vie with many of the most beautiful of Mrs. Sigourney's and Hemans's.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

ON THE DEATH OF AN AQUIVANCE.

I've seen the young and tender plant
Cut down when fresh in bloom—
A mournful blight upon the flower,
Which marked its early doom—
And I have seen the steady oak,
Though bent by many a storm,
Whose branches spreading far and wide,
With beauty in their form,
Which seemed to offer for awhile,
A shelter and a shade—
Fall prostrate—fall, and in the dust,
With all its glory, laid!

O tell me, will there come an hour,
When all shall live again?
When the proud anger of the storm,
Shall pour his wrath in vain?
When every beautiful bud and flower
Shall bloom, no more to die,
And when the tree shall stand again
In all its majesty?

O tell me, is there yet a land,
Where lasting joys abide?
Where no intruding foe comes in
Our pleasures to divide?
Where all the pure, and just and good
Reside in peace and love?
And one resplendent summer reigns,
Which never will remove?

O if there be a happier clime,
Where friend shall meet with friend,
And the sweet sympathies of soul,
Shall brighten, burn and blend—
Where every holy thought shall move,
Like music from the lyre—
Soft, gentle, pure, with genial flow,
Warmed with seraphic fire,—

Then, man may hope. For soon the mists,
Which cloud his vision here,
Will vanish like the morning dew,
And all be bright and clear.
Then, then the glorious Sun of Life,
Will shine with heavenly ray—
And shed a broad and peaceful beam,
In everlasting day!

B. S. H.

THE ANSWER TO "WHO WILL GO?"

To the Editor of Zion's Herald:—
DEAR BROTHER—A call is made for young men for South America, where "a great door, and effectual, is opened." In the Herald of the 21st inst. you ask, "Who will go?" A young man, twenty-five years of age, a member of the Maine Conference, who has been in the itinerancy about five years, informs me that his lungs have become so much inflamed by preaching in cold weather, that he thinks he shall be obliged to desist through the

winter, or go to the South. Now it strikes me, he is the man for South America. He has just commenced the study of the Spanish language, intending at some future time to preach the gospel in that part of the continent. His constitution is not calculated for warm climates.—Would it not be well for the Young Men's Missionary Society to send him to one of the South American cities, and let him commence labor among the English residents, and in the mean time prepare himself for a more extensive field.

Should more particular information be desired, a letter sent to G. W. —, Wiscasset, Me., will receive prompt attention.
W—, Oct. 9, 1835.

The following is an extract of a letter on the subject of free churches, written by Mr. Lewis Tappan, of New York city, to Rev. Andrew Reed, of London, one of the English Delegates. We have long been of Mr. Tappan's opinion, that churches as a general thing containing four, five, or six hundred communicants, should be divided, and one part establish a new place of worship. Wherever this has been done, a blessing has followed. We recommend the trial in those towns and cities where the churches are overgrown.—

We think a church cannot act efficiently when it is composed of more than 200 or 300 members, although we are no unwilling to urge our brethren that they may commence other enterprises for the Lord Jesus. It is a great mistake to suppose it requires wealth or large numbers to maintain public worship, for in a city like this, a few young Christians, who can raise 1000 or 1500 dollars, can support public worship without difficulty, and make it instrumental of great good. God, in his holy providence, will, if they are prayerful, self-denying, and efficient, give them converts in the course of the year, whose contributions, added to their own, and the public collections, will enable them to maintain, respectfully, preaching and the accompanying means of grace. And such churches might be built up in every city, and in many villages.

We see what wonderful success our Methodist brethren have had by alluring to their houses of worship the middle classes of society; "firing low," as their great leader, Wesley, enjoined it upon them. That eminent man well understood the philosophy of the subject, and knew that moral influence ascends in society, and especially in a republic. How greatly is this principle overlooked by many who essay to enlighten the world! Let us not be ashamed to copy from the Methodists, or from any denomination, measures and modes of preaching that are blessed by the Holy Spirit; especially ministers and others who do well not to refuse to copy the example of Jesus Christ, who certainly well understood in what way to influence, most effectually, human society.

It affords us great pleasure to say that the apprentices in the carpenter's shop, where Mr. Garrison was seized, are highly indignant at the charge of having turned informers. They did their best to keep him from the mob, and have too much self-respect to follow in the wake of such mobocrats as the Commercial Gazette.

ADMIRABLE!

The Boston Mercantile Journal was established as a Temperance newspaper. It was hoped by moralists, that it would always advocate right principles. It has, however, by its recent course, disappointed its friends.

It takes this very remarkable position relative to mobs, &c.:

The present excited state of the community shows, that public opinion is decidedly opposed to the measures which are adopted by the Abolitionists. We have already evidence, from almost every part of New England, sufficient to prove, that a meeting of the Abolitionists is but the signal for the assembling of a mob. This being the case, it becomes the duty of those, in whose hands the public authorities of a city or town are vested, to prevent such meeting by the strong arm of the law.

That, public authorities are to put down those meetings that displease the mob, rather than the mob that breaks up the meetings. Most excellent! Mr. Sleeper must have been asleep when he wrote such a stupid paragraph.

SAVAGE.—A Georgia paper talks in this style, of Amos Dresser:—
He (Amos Dresser) should have been hung up as high as Haman, to rot upon the gibbet, until the winds whistled through his bones.

The cry of the whole South should be DEATH, INSTANT DEATH to the Abolitionist, wherever he is caught.

We would suggest that all slaves, who can read, be sent out of the State by some means or other.

In all cases, where free persons of color are found within the slave States, they should be DEEMED SLAVES, and, if they have no owner, (?) should be sold for the public benefit.

Keep their publications from among us, and HANG every emissary that dare step a lawless foot on our soil.

Really—now do be calm. What! hang all? Pray, good Mr. Editor, how many times a day do you drink vinegar?

MORE FROM THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

The slightest crumb of news is seized, and appropriated speedily, by us—and we suppose our brethren are like us in this instance—from the snow-capped mountains of the far West. The letter, of which the following are extracts, was written by Brother Shepard to Brother James H. Mudge, Jr. of Lynn. It is dated January 1st, 1835:—

DEAR BROTHER—While I sit down to address a few lines to you, from this distant land, I can scarcely realize that the long stretch of at least four thousand miles, (travelling distances,) separates me from my Christian friends, and former associates in Lynn. But such, in reality, is the case. Indeed it seems like a dream, that nearly a year has passed since I left home, kindred, friends, and the highly exalted privileges of New England, in exchange for a residence among the wilds of Oregon. Time has flown so rapidly, that, in our journeying journey, circumstances seem to have entirely lost the summer, as though no such season had yet arrived since we left the States.

For one hundred and fifty-two nights before we arrived at this place, (which was the 15th of September,) we slept on the ground, sometimes in the open air, and sometimes in a tent—more generally the latter. We were on our journey from Independence, Mo., the last settlement we passed, to this place, 140 days. Of these, we journeyed 105, and rested in camp thirty-five days. During the greater part of this time, our food consisted almost, or entirely, of buffalo, antelope, deer, elk, and grizzly bear's flesh. During the latter part of our journey, we subsisted principally on salmon, fresh fish, cammas root, &c., till we arrived at Fort Wallah-wallah, when we procured flour, and again indulged in the luxury of bread. You may, possibly, think that these were days of suffering and privation; but they were not so. When in health our meals relished well, rest at night was sweet and refreshing, and we had no cause to envy those who we might suppose were enjoying more of the ease and luxuries of life ourselves;—and when our bodies were enervated by sickness, (for we had some ill-health on our journey,) circumstances seemed fitted, by a kind Providence, to our wants and necessities. Indeed, when I reflect on the sufferings of our Lord, and on what he endured in the days of his flesh to save rebellious men, not even having where to lay his head, I blush at the idea of even thinking, that I have endured either suffering or privation.

I wish to spend the remnant of my days in doing good according to the grace given me, and am willing my body should be laid with those of the red men, in this region, when "the spirit shall have returned to God who gave it," as that it should be buried any where else. The miserable situation of these poor, destitute Indians, lies near my heart, and can I but be instrumental of ameliorating their condition in any degree, either temporarily or spiritually, my life shall be cheerfully spent, and my day's tenement worn down in their service.

It is true, I feel the loss of Christian society and sanctuary privileges; for, during the forty-two Sabbaths that have passed since I left home, I have had the privilege of hearing but ten sermons. While journeying, we were obliged to travel on the Sabbath, or be left behind; and though it was an endeavor to observe the sanctity of the day to the utmost of our ability, you will readily conclude, that our Sabbaths were very different from those which you enjoy, where "the sound of the church-going bell" calls to the peaceful and soul-enlivening duties of prayer and praise in the house of God, and to greet the smiling face of youth in the Sabbath School.

Here follow, in the letter, facts previously published in the Herald.

Dr. BRECHER.—This mighty man is again to be dragged before the bar of the public, like a felon, to be tried. Dr. Wilson, formerly one of the great luminaries of Presbyterism, now but an expiring rushlight before the overpowering splendor of the brilliant intellect of Dr. B., has appealed from the decision of the body before whom his theological opponent was recently tried.

Why will they not leave him to the great work of evangelizing the West, without being compelled ever and anon to step aside and lose time in brushing away the cobweb creeds preferred against him?

[From a Correspondent.]

BEHOLD THE EFFECTS OF POPIST TEACHING!

SANDWICH, Oct. 24, 1835.
DEAR BROTHER—According to promise, I now address a letter to you on the subject of Popery. Popery is called by its votaries, the *Christian Religion*—and what is the Christian Religion? A system of mercy revealed to man, which teaches him doctrines to be believed, precepts to be obeyed, sufferings to be endured, and that glory eternal may be obtained through Jesus Christ.

Is Popery a system of mercy? Answer heaven, earth, sea! Is Popery a system of mercy? Speak, Smithfield, Oxford; speak Cranmer; answer, ye burnt, roasted, boiled, strangled, murdered saints of the Most High God! And what are its doctrines? Are they becoming a God of purity? Do they soften the heart? Go learn the truth among the broken walls of the Spanish slaughter-house! Are its precepts holy? Let the "Sisters of Charity" tell you! And pray what sufferings do its ministers endure for Christ's sake? Go to Rome and see; yes, see the poor "FISHERMAN" bedecked with gold! and diamonds!! and surrounded by fattened cardinals!

There's suffering for you! True, the people—the dupes—and some of the priests suffer; but is it for Christ's sake? And what does Popery teach respecting the obtaining eternal glory? Is it obtained through Jesus Christ? Is this what Popery teaches? Look at its own records, and see how much has been paid for places in heaven! See how many poor have been robbed of their little all, to gain a passport! After all, they must all go to Purgatory, and there remain until some friend or friends pray the priest to get them out! Now just look into the Bible, and see if eternal life is purchased thus,—see if its doctrines have such a hardening influence. Ask any of the patriarchs, prophets, and apostles, if they ever dragged men into the church,—if they ever built bonfires, or made engines of torture, to roast or quarter men who would not bow to them? Ask them if they had any "Sisters of Charity" shut up in nunneries which no one might visit but themselves? Ask them if they were carried on cushioned chairs, and dwelt in palaces? Ask them if they ever received money for pardons and indulgences, and for praying souls out of purgatory? And when you address them, entitle them, "Lord," "Most Excellent," "Right Reverend Father," "Holy Father," "His Grace," "His Lordship," and "My Lord God the Pope"; and were they in the body, you would start them all in fits!

Now, my brother, let me exhort you to continue to do what you can to strip off the cloak from this system, and let it be seen. Let the world see that this is not the "wisdom which cometh down from above"—that this is not the wisdom that "hath in her hand length of days," whose ways are "ways of pleasantness," and whose "paths are peace"—that it is not "pure, peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy."

Yours,

ARRIVAL OF DR. FISK IN ENGLAND.

A gentleman who sailed in the same vessel with Dr. Fisk, thus writes, under date of Sept. 26th:

"We have just arrived. We made Cape Clear light on the 23d, at nine o'clock, P. M.; just fifteen days from Sandy Hook light.

Our passage has been very pleasant. We have twenty-five cabin passengers, and Dr. Fisk and lady of the number. Our ship is of 640 tons, and the Captain (Deland) a fine seaman and much of gentleman. When Dr. Fisk a fine seaman and much of gentleman. When Dr. Fisk last he preached a good extempore sermon, standing at the capstan, from "Godliness is profitable unto all men." The average passengers came up in front of the preacher, and the cabin passengers in the rear. The leading singer was a poor steerage passenger, and he had a capital voice."

Yours,

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

JUNIOR PREACHERS' SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING.
The Committee appointed by the Junior Preachers' Society to make preparation for its Semi-Annual Meeting, would give notice to the members of the Society that they have made arrangements to have the meeting at Holliston, Mass., to commence with an introductory sermon on Monday evening, 4th of April next. After considerable consultation, the Committee have concluded the above named place to be the best location they can obtain for the general convenience of the members; and owing to the protraction of the present conference year by the appointment of July 10, 1836, for the commencement of the next session of the Annual Conference, it is thought that the time fixed upon will be sufficiently early. The Committee trust they need not urge upon the attention of the members the necessity of a diligent preparation in the duties assigned them, as published in the schedule of exercises, in Zion's Herald of July 1, and of a punctual attendance on the occasion. It is desirable that a sufficient number be present on Monday evening to organize the meeting immediately after the sermon.

C. K. TRUE,

H. CUMINGS,

A. STEVENS.

Boston, Nov. 2, 1835.

N. B. Brethren in the ministry, not connected with the society, are respectfully invited to be present on the occasion.

Our brethren frequently desire us to keep them advised of the prosperity of the Herald. This we shall continue to do. We cannot express the feelings of gratitude awakened in our bosom by the constant proofs received by us, of the deep interest they feel in its success. The extracts which follow will show more than we can tell.

A preacher who sends the names of nine new subscribers writes:—
I have read the first letter to Bishop Hopkins with intense interest, and from that I promise myself much satisfaction in reading the succeeding numbers. I want thirty extra copies of the Herald from the commencement of these letters. Will you furnish me with them?

If we possibly can. The demand for them is such that we are printing extra copies.

Rev. C. D. Cahoon, Presiding Elder in the N. H. Conference says:—

I do not write, myself, very often, but I am helping you a little, every few days, by stirring up the preachers in their several circuits and stations, &c. I have ever been an undeviating well-wisher to the prosperity of Zion's Herald.

The Lord be with, and bless you, evermore.
Yours, &c. C. D. CAHOON.

ANOTHER.

Sir, I have after so long a time obtained more subscribers for the Herald. I have been on this circuit more than one year, and have labored according to the best of my ability for you; but till now I have been met uniformly with some excuse or objection, such as "I take one paper which is nearer home and comes cheaper,"—"The Herald is so dear,"—"I am short of money,"—"I have so many ways for money," &c.

But I have given away several numbers of the Herald—read some pieces, and succeeded to some extent. We admire the bold, fearless course you commenced with, and have persevered in, with regard to the various errors and sins which threaten to overwhelm our country in ruin. Go on, and may editors by hundreds in our country follow your example, till every press shall be freed from those who delight to encourage iniquity.

Phrenologists tell us we have a certain organ which is called "Love of approbation." Very likely. We honestly confess we had rather our readers would all say—"he did right," than—"he did wrong." But we love much more the "approbation" of God and our own conscience. Give us that, and though the world hate, and scorn us and our efforts, we can bask in the eternal sunlight of present and prospective glory. We are not conscious, however—humbled are we to say it—of having done half our duty. Heaven help us in future.

ANOTHER.

I have recently felt the importance of trying to increase the number of subscribers to the Herald. As the fruit of that conviction, I herewith enclose you the names of four new subscribers. Are there not others who have felt the same conviction?—Then let them go and do likewise. I hope to be able to send you more soon.

O. DUNBAR.

Albany, Oct. 10, 1835.

"CLONK" is rather inconsistent. He closes his anti-Avery communication, by saying that the remarks "are intended solely for our good," and yet writes over it "For Zion's Herald." We have in compliance with the writer's demand, made a personal appropriation of what belonged to us, and thrown the rest (that is to say, between Clean and himself, not to have it go any farther, ALL) under the table.

Chapter of News.

Benj. Stevens, Esq. of this city has been chosen Sergeant-at-Arms, by the concurrent votes of the Senate and House.

The trial of Wade, on a charge of burning a barn belonging to the Boston and Providence Coach Company, and the dwelling house and tavern of Mr. Bride, at Dedham, came on last week, and after a laborious trial of three days, the jury on Saturday returned a verdict of guilty. The penalty is death.

A correspondent in Lowell writes that it is very sickly in that town, and that there are many deaths.

A Buffalo paper states that on the 20th inst. a boat, containing fourteen men, while crossing Buffalo Creek, drifted under the bows of the sch. Florida, filled, immediately upset, and eight out of the fourteen were drowned. They were carpenters, and men of families.

At the late term of the Supreme Court, held at Plymouth, a case was under consideration, which has caused some local interest. It was an action of the Rev. Luther Sheldon, against the Congregational Society of that town, for his salary. The Society contends that he has been regularly dismissed. Mr. Sheldon insists of course that the proceedings of the Society and Council have been irregular. The principal reason for his dismissal was his refusal to exchange with the "neighboring Congregational ministers." The sufficiency of the reason will be decided by the Court.

The Newport Herald mentions the distressing death of a daughter of Mr. Joshua Peckham, of Middletown, on Sunday evening, 19th ult. During the absence of her parents to an evening lecture, while studying a lesson, she fell asleep, when her clothes took fire from a candle, and before they could be extinguished, she was so badly burnt as to produce death in a few hours.

The dwelling house of Mr. Joseph Ellis, of Brooks, Me., was consumed by fire on the night of the 21st inst., and five of his children and a domestic perished in the flames.

A serious riot took place on Saturday night, 24th ult., two or three miles west of New Bedford, which resulted in seriously wounding a man named Henry Mariner. The wound is pronounced mortal.

A letter from Texas dated Sept. 8th, says, that Santa Anna had applied to the priests for two millions of dollars and six thousand men, to put down the American inhabitants, and substitute the Roman Catholic for the Protestant religion. The Mexican despot has likewise excited the Indian tribes to make war upon the people of Texas, who have written to President Jackson to arrest the emigration of the Creeks, 5000 of whom are expected to join the other hostile Indians. The inhabitants of Texas call upon their American brethren at the North to supply them with munitions of war and accoutrements.

John Sharp, a mulatto Indian, was tried before the Supreme Court at New Haven, Conn., last week, for the murder of Jesse Prince, a white man, on the Housatonic river, on the 13th of June last. He was found guilty, and sentenced to be hung on the second Monday of June next.

By the late accounts from Para, (Brazil), the Indians had entire possession of the town, and would probably continue to hold it. Most of the former inhabitants were fortunate enough to escape massacre, had fled to Maranhao, many of them in a state of great destitution.

Matthias, the prophet, has gone to Ohio, it is said, to join the Mormons.

In all France, during the year 1831, there were but twenty-five persons executed. In England, the same year, with a less population, there were fifty-two, of whom twelve were for murder.

A handsome new Wesleyan chapel was lately destroyed by fire at Woodstock, in New Brunswick. Measures have been already taken for rebuilding it, two individuals having subscribed nearly £100 for the object.

Ship News.

The repairs upon Bromfield Street Church having been finished, the House will be re-opened on Thursday afternoon next, at half past two o'clock, with appropriate and interesting religious services.

A public meeting will also be held in the House, at 7 o'clock, P. M. Sermon by Rev. E. T. Taylor. After which, collection, to aid in the extra repairs, will be taken up.

JOHN TEMPLETON,
THOMAS PATTEN,
JOHN D. DYER,
WM. W. MOTLEY,
Committee.

All communications to the subscriber, may be directed, hereafter, to Holliston, Mass., as he has removed his family to that place.
Holliston, Oct. 29, 1835.

The Methodist Meeting House in Wilmington, N. H., by leave of our Heavenly Father, will be dedicated to his holy worship on Thursday, the 12th day of November. Services to commence at one o'clock, P. M.; after which, immediately, will follow a protracted meeting.

C. D. CAHOON.

FOUR DAYS MEETINGS.

CANTERBURY, CONN., Nov. 11.
AMHERST, N. H., Nov. 18.
FRAMINGHAM, MASS., Dec. 1.

NEW BEDFORD DISTRICT.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS—THIRD QUARTER.
Fairhaven, Head of the River, Dec. 5, 6.
" Village, " 12, 13.
Falmouth, " 15, 16.
Holliston, " 19, 20.
Edgemoor, " 26, 27.
Nantucket, Jan. 2, 3.
New Bedford, Elm St. " 9, 10.
Fall River, " 16, 17.
Newport, " 20, 21.
Portsmouth, " 23, 24.
Westport, " 26, 27.
Middleborough, " 30, 31.
Sandwich, Town, Feb. 6, 7.
" Monument, " 8.
South Yarmouth, " 11.
Hartwich, " 13, 14.
Chatham, " 18, 19.
Wellfleet, " 20, 21.
South Truro, " 22, 23.
North Truro, " 27, 28.
Provincetown, March 2, 3.
Yarmouth Port, " 5, 6.
New Bedford, Fourth St. " 10.

DANIEL WEBB, P. Elder.
Now Bedford, Oct. 28, 1835.

WINCHESTER DISTRICT, N. H.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS—SECOND QUARTER.
Andover, at Andover, Nov. 10, 11.
Hemlock, at Deering, " 14, 15.
Lebanon, " 21, 22.
Winchester, " 28, 29.
Brattleboro, at Putney, Dec. 5, 6.
Marlow, at Marlow, " 12, 13.
Goshen, at Goshen, " 19, 20.
Greenham, at Dunbar Hill, " 26, 27.
Clarendon, Jan. 2, 3.
Charlestown, " 9, 10.
Wardsboro, at Wardsboro, " 16, 17.
Wilmington, at Wilmington, " 23, 24.
Athens, at Athens, " 30, 31.
Keeseville, Feb. 6, 7.
Peterboro, " 13, 14.

C. D. CAHOON, P. Elder.

COMMUNICATIONS.

D. S. King—J. D. Bridge—O. Wilder—O. D. Green—R. Bedford—S. Palmer—J. E. Risley—O. Dunbar—J. Boutelle (the \$10 you enclosed pays up to April 1, 1835. We wish all our subscribers would act as honorably.)—A. Day, Jr.—O. Scott—A. Binney—C. F. Willis—N. S. Spaulding—H. B. Skinner—C. D. Cahoon—G. W. E. A. Rice—S. Sleep—J. Porter (Rev. R. Spaulding is the Secretary).

PAYMENTS FOR THE HERALD.

Received from the 19th ult. to the 2d inst.
I. Kelly, N. Jones, J. Clark, W. Carr, Jr., E. P. Freeborn, S. Kent & E. Bowen, M. Daggett, G. C. Thompson, C. H. Rich, H. Knowles, H. Harrington, A. Bates, D. O. Collins, E. Preston, D. Gould, S. Fairbank, S. Thatcher, P. Tilton, A. Johnson, B. Mooney, J. Cook, S. Lincoln, Plummer, S. Town, A. Woodworth, C. T. Swan, T. Minot, J. D. Atwell, S. Hill, J. Moore, M. Gale, E. Gunn, J. F. Welch, S. Cunningham, A. Stratton, P. Hill, S. Smith, J. L. Thurlow, A. Walden, W. Jones, B. B. Johnson, H. Seale, O. Fairbank, E. Evans, Jr., E. Haskell, E. Howe, S. E. Duntley, P. R. Edwards, R. Sikes, E. Miller, C. Mann, E

Poetry.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUTH

BY BERNARD BARTON.
We had hopes it was pleasure to mourn,
(Then how shall our sorrow be mute?)
That those bright buds of genius would flourish,
And burst into blossom and fruit.

But our hopes and our prospects are shaded;
For the plant which inspired them has shed
Its foliage, all green and unfaded,
Ere the beauty of spring-time is fled.

Like foam on the crest of the billow,
Which sparkles and sinks from the sight;
Like leaf of the wind-shaken willow,
Though transiently, beautifully bright;

Like dew-drops exhaled as they glisten;
Like perfume which dies soon as shed;
Like melody hushed when we listen,
In memory's dream of the dead.

OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY.

Who bids the billow heave its breast,
Then soothes its troubled throbs to rest?
Who bids the coral greenly bloom
Around the sea-boy's ocean tomb?
Oh, Lord! the sky, the earth, the sea,
And all things else, are full of Thee!

At whose command, when eve doth fall
With mantle dim, o'ershadowing all,
Do troops of stars come twinkling through,
And decking bright heaven's arch of blue?
Father! the sky, the sea, the earth,
Proclaim the author of their birth.

Thine are the mountains, thine the caves;
Thou ridest on the winds and waves;
Thine is the bright, o'erarching bow,
The thunder's voice, the lightning's glow;
The earth, the sea, the sky are thine;
In all thou art, in all divine.

Religious Offering.

THE RAINBOW.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.
Sign of the passing storm,
Symbol of wrath gone by,
Born of the cloud and sun—what form
Of beauty tracks the sky?
From Africa to the isles of slaves,
The rainbow spans the Atlantic waves.

Black, white, and bond, and free,
Castes and proscriptions cease;
The Negro wakes to liberty,
The Negro sleeps in peace;
Read the great charter on his brow,
"I AM A MAN, A BROTHER, NOW."

Miscellaneous.

The following is a reply to two columns in the last Protestant Vindicator. That paper is an energetic opposer of Popery, and for it we have always had the highest respect.

It mistakes our design, if it supposes we aim to wrest one of the elements instituted by our Lord, from the Supper. We maintain rather that *Wine* is not now used—but that a miserable compound in which, frequently, not one drop of the juice of the grape can be found, is drunk. We wish to have the unfettered fruit of the vine—*wine* truly—at that holy ordinance.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

To the Editor of the Protestant Vindicator, and to I. F. his Correspondent:

"GENTLEMEN,—*Wine at the Lord's Supper*" is the title of one article, in your journal of October 21st. And "*Dr. Sprague and Zion's Herald*" is the title of another—I reply to both.

Dr. Sprague, in his communication to Professor Stuart, in the Temperance Intelligencer, uttered these words, "*I appeal to ecclesiastical history, in support of my position. I have never seen an intimation in the history of the Christian Church, nor heard of an individual that had, that the unfettered juice of the grape was ever used in the sacrament of the supper.*" In connection with this observation, I stated, in *Zion's Herald*, that "in very early times, the grapes were brought to the communion table, and the juice pressed forth upon the occasion, for immediate use." I referred to Bingham's Antiquities for proof. My reference was not general, but most particular, thus, Bingham's Antiquities, b. xv. chap. 11, s. 7. Now you are pleased to say that I never read the section to which I refer, or was afraid to publish it. This assertion is untrue, in both branches, as my own would be, if I should affirm, that you two gentlemen were the veriest pattern of learning and courtesy. You say, that it is altogether unnecessary to vindicate Dr. Sprague from the charge of ignorance. And why so? He states that he has "*never seen an intimation, in the history of the Christian Church, nor heard of an individual that had—that the unfettered juice of the grape was ever used in the sacrament of the supper.*"

Now what says Bingham, in the section which you are pleased to say I never read, or am afraid to publish, and which is set forth in your paper? "The third council of Braga (you should have said Braga) relates Cyprian's (you mean Cyprian's) words correcting several abuses, (that had crept into the administration of the sacrament, as of some, who offered milk instead of wine, and of others, who only dipped the bread into the wine, &c.; and of others, who used no other wine, but what they pressed out of the clusters of grapes, that were then presented at the Lord's table." The unfettered juice of the grape was certainly therefore, in very early times, employed at the sacrament of the supper, and Dr. Sprague avers, that he was ignorant of that fact. Now I cannot see the fitness of the labors of you two gentlemen in persuading the Dr. that he did not know. The Dr.'s ignorance of this fact is now established, by your well meant endeavors, beyond all doubt.

Here the matter might have rested, but you have travelled out of the record, and it is mere civility to travel after you. What were Cyprian's words, which Bingham says were related by the Council of Braga? You have given them—they are these: "He pleads for both (wine mixed with water) as necessary from the example and command of Christ." Now the sermon of Dr. Sprague, upon the danger of being over-wise, would, in all probability, have never seen the light, had not a worthy member of his church, as we have been credibly informed, poured a quantity of pure water into the communion wine. This also, we have good reason to believe, the Dr. had never heard of before; indeed he calls it "an unhallowed innovation." You will no doubt deem it unnecessary to defend the Dr. from the charge of ignorance upon this point, not the less than upon the other. Will

either of you gentlemen, be so obliging, since you have given us Cyprian's opinion, that wine should be mixed with water, as to give us your authority to show, if that wine was fermented, and to what proportion of water with wine the mixture must be limited?

You are also pleased to charge the advocates for "*the fruit of the vine*" at the sacrament with "quibbling," and this, no doubt, is most "*affectionately*" done. We once heard of an individual, in whose phraseology there was something more of Christianity than in his temper; and who even called his neighbor, "my Christian brother," while he gave him a slap in the face. And pray where is this quibbling? Is it in their statement, that they object to *alcoholic wine*, but do not object to *wine*, at the communion?—If so, the very passage which you have quoted from Bingham, proves him to have been the prince of quibblers. He speaks of "others, who used no other wine, but what they pressed out of the clusters of grapes, that were then presented at the table;" admitting of course, that which nobody denies, that wine was of two kinds, fermented and unfettered. Our Lord, says these "quibblers," speaks not of wine, *co nomine*, but of "the fruit of the vine," and we cannot exactly understand why fermentation is required to make the juice of the grape the fruit of the vine. It does not appear, that the council of Braga was opposed to that kind of wine, but to the manner of expressing it at the table. But were it otherwise, the council of Braga, which, if I err not, convened in the fifth century, was a council of Roman Catholics, and you Mr. Editor, at least, can have but little respect for the decisions of "THE EAST." It is clear, that even in the very day and region of Romanism, an effort was made to purify the communion bread from the means of Corinthian excesses. If it failed, because Popish councils were opposed, shall it be opposed, at the present day, by those who style themselves "Protestant Vindicators?"

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TIMOTHY.

THE PRAYING LITTLE GIRL.

A little girl, in London, about four years of age, was one day, playing with her companions. Taking them by the hand, she led them to a shed in the yard, and asked them all to kneel down, as she was going to pray to God Almighty. "But, don't you tell my mamma," said she, "for she never prays, and would beat me, if she knew that I do."

Instead of keeping the secret, one of her playmates went, directly, and told this little girl's mother, who was very much struck, but, for the present, took no notice of it. Some time after, on her going in doors, her mother asked her what she had been doing in the yard. She tried to avoid giving a direct answer. The question being repeated, the answer was the same. When her mother, however, promised not to be angry with her, and pressed the inquiry with very kind words, she said,—"I have been praying to God Almighty." "But, why do you pray to him?" "Because I know he hears me; and I love to pray to him." "But, how do you know he hears you?" "This was a difficult question, indeed; but, mark her reply. Putting her little hand to her heart, she said,—"Oh, I know he does; because there is something here, that tells me he does." This language pierced her mother's heart, who was a stranger to prayer, herself; and she wept, bitterly.

Let good children, therefore, do as this little girl did,—bow their knees before God Almighty; and, however short and feeble their prayers, they may be sure He hears them, if they are offered in earnest; for he says,—"I love them that love me; and they that seek me early, shall find me."—*School Herald.*

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to look away from the skaters—upon the edge of whose boundaries he was standing—to a dazzling pair in a sledge, on the other side. This, it was argued, was the more probable, as, at the moment, they dropped at his feet a small ivory-handled dagger, which bore evident marks of having caused the wound. But the young man thus suspected, boldly denied the charge, and proved to the enraged spectators, who had gathered closely around him, that he could not have been guilty of the deed. Another then announced that "he was sure he heard one of the skaters mutter something in a low but audible tone, as he passed by with lightning speed, and that at the same instant he distinctly saw his hand dart suddenly toward the young gentleman, who immediately groined and fell." This improbable testimony was followed by other evidence equally vague, until the whole became a confused mass, from which nothing tangible could be gleaned. The wounded man was removed; and as the ice at this time was not particularly good, it being injured by a partial thaw in some places, and in others much cut up, the skaters, together with the curious who had come to witness their evolutions, gradually left the Park, as the sun wheeled his broad disc down the west, until his beams were immersed in a waste of wintry haze and smoke that stretched along the ocean.

A mild wind sprang up on the morning of the day following, and a sudden thaw ensued, which brought with it as much of evil as the severe cold weather. The streets were nearly impassable for pedestrians; and even carriages with difficulty ploughed their way through the masses of snow and water which choked up the channels, and lay, cut up in furrows and counter-furrows, in all directions. Toward night, the Thames presented one of the most imposing sights I had ever beheld. The river, which had been for a long time frozen over, in many places, now broke up. Passing over Blackfriars-bridge, I paused for a few moments in one of its recesses to survey the scene. Vast numbers of pieces of floating ice, loaded with heavy masses of snow, were every where seen upon the surface of the agitated waters. These were borne swiftly down by the stream, collecting where the projecting banks or bridges made a resistance to the flow, and formed a support to the accumulations. Sometimes these formed a chain of glaciers, uniting at one moment, and the next clashing and cracking from the recoil, and floating away in circling masses, rising one over another, covered with foam created by the violence of wind and wave, which impelled them onward through the arches of the bridge, with a deafening crash. It was a sublime, a terrific spectacle, and as I gazed upon it, I could not help calling to mind that noble simile of Watts:

"Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away," &c.

Twilight now began to darken, and I was turning to retrace the way to my lodgings, when a dark mass, struggling in the boiling current below, caught my eye. It seemed a human being wrestling with the waves,—now immersed in the flood, and now emerging from the foam, up borne, on a cake of ice. I ran to the stairs, which I descended, and made my way to the spot. The object was apparently the lifeless body of a young female. The long, slender fingers of one hand clutched the edge of a huge ice-cake, while the other arm was resting motionlessly upon the top. Several persons had now collected around. To drag the body to the shore, was but the work of a moment. It was soon removed to the nearest dwelling and the usual means for the restoration of drowned persons were put in immediate requisition. Symptoms of returning consciousness were at length exhibited on the part of the female, who slowly opened her eyes, and uttered a faint groan, at the vigorous friction of the warm flannels which were applied to her body and limbs. A profusion of tresses, of a rich and golden brown, encumbered her neck,—her eyes were large, dark, and lustrous; and although her countenance was deadly pale, there were the traces of a striking beauty in her thin Grecian features. She seemed to be about twenty years of age, and when taken from the river, was clad in a plain dress of black silk, with a much worn but still decent cloak thrown over it, with a silk hood. There was a plain gold ring on the middle finger of the left hand; and in her bosom, saturated with water, was found a letter, addressed "FRANCES N.—, Square." Her first inquiry, on recovering her senses, was for this little packet. When it was placed in her hands, her countenance brightened with her exceeding joy. Upon being asked how she had fallen into the Thames, she answered: "Oh, God! I cannot,—cannot tell!" She was then requested to name some of her friends, and the quarter of the metropolis in which they resided, that they might be informed of her situation. After hesitating for a moment, she begged that a servant might be sent with a letter to an apothecary, who lived near the Two-penny Post-office, Charles street, Soho-square. A servant was accordingly despatched to the place designated, and soon returned, accompanied by a man "y" stricken in years, and somewhat gray," whose countenance beamed with generous interest and kindness, as he entered the room and walked to the bedside of the young lady. "Heaven be praised!" she exclaimed, as he took her hand, and pressed it with his own,—"heaven be praised that you have come!" Not desiring to interrupt the affecting scene, I retired from the apartment. In about half an hour, I was joined by the apothecary, who tendered and reiterated his grateful thanks for the timely assistance I had rendered the unhappy female. Upon my expressing a curiosity to know something of her history, he narrated the following sketch. It is briefly and simply recorded, as follows, in my Journal.

"It is a short story, but a sad one," began the venerable Apothecary; "I first saw this young woman about three years ago, at the residence of her mother, the widow of a naval officer, who, dying, left her with limited means, and two children. She rented a small house in the vicinity of—Square. I called to make inquiries concerning her son, who had answered an advertisement, that I had caused to be inserted in the newspapers, for an apprentice. I gathered from the mother, that her two children, a son and daughter, the one seventeen, the other nineteen years of age, had received an excellent domestic education,—that she had been enabled until that period, to support herself and them with the means left by her deceased husband; but that she was now reduced to the necessity of seeking a place for her son, where he might be made useful to his employer, and provide for himself. In the mean time, her daughter Frances was engaged in executing small *tableaux*, in water-colors, upon white velvet, which, enclosed in neat frames, met with a ready sale, and yielded a pretty income,—while she herself realized a small sum, by elegant needle work

which she readily procured, through the interest of friends who had known her in affluence. Frances N.—was truly a lovely creature, of a sweet, amiable temper, which rendered her ever cheerful and happy, notwithstanding the reverses of condition through which she had been called to pass. After the son entered my employment, it was my wont often to pass an hour or two, of an evening, with the family; and I had great pleasure in gladdening the heart of the mother with the intelligence of her boy's aptitude, integrity, and kindness of disposition. Toward the end of the first year, however, he began to neglect his duties, to relax in civility to my customers, and often to absent himself without permission, and without leaving any information in relation to the objects that called him away. In all things, he seemed to have undergone a total change. On one occasion, he ran out of the shop, and poured the grossest abuse upon a gentleman whose carriage was detained by some casual obstruction before the door. These aberrations grieved me more than I can tell. I abstained, for a long time, from hinting them to the family. Indeed, I thought they must be aware of the young man's wayward habits,—for I always found the mother in tears, whenever I had been engaged in remonstrating with her son, in relation to his conduct.

"But I was in error. The secret was, at last, wrung from the mother, when it could no longer be concealed. A serpent had crept into the bosom of that family circle, and its venomous fangs had poisoned the existence of its once, happy members, forever! Her daughter had fallen a victim to the arts of a young and handsome, but heartless Lord, who had met her at the residence of a fashionable relative, who had known her mother in better days. His fine person, fascinating manners, and protestations of honorable and ardent passion, won the senseless affections of a trusting heart. They were slighted,—betrayed! When the sad intelligence was communicated to the brother, he literally *raved*. He secretly vowed, that from that time forth, he would live but for revenge. He lay in wait for the Betrayer,—he followed his carriage to the hells, the theatre, and the opera. No longer ago than Friday night, he fired an ineffectual shot at the object of his hate, at a late hour of the morning, as he was retiring from a *route* in Argyle street; and I verily believe—(here the narrator drew close to me, and whispered in my ear)—I verily believe, that the blow, by which his Lordship was struck down upon the Serpentine, yesterday, was given by the brother of the confiding girl, whom he had so cruelly wronged; and I am equally sure, that he will, one day, fall by the same hand. Villain as he is, his deluded victim has confided in him to the last. When the newspaper, after a long round, was at last taken in, and her eye,—ever looking to see the one loved name in the fashionable bulletins,—rested upon the exaggerated picture of his danger, and the final announcement, that he was believed to be dying, she quietly retired to her chamber, and, throwing on a cloak, sallied out into the almost impassable streets, not knowing whither she went. From the first moment of leaving her mother's dwelling, her memory is a blank. The sudden destruction of every latter hope of an honorable union at last,—a sense of her utter wretchedness, and the unavoidable exposure of her shame,—overpowered her reason. She wandered to the Thames, and, in the madness of insane despair, plunged into the flood."

Thus ended the affecting narrative. In a few moments a carriage was announced, as in waiting, into which the unhappy lady was conveyed, accompanied by the benevolent friend who had come so promptly to her relief. Both joined in repeating their fervent thanks for the grateful part I had been permitted, by Providence, to perform in her behalf.

Nearly four months after the occurrence of the events I have endeavored to describe, I chanced, in one of my desultory rambles about the metropolis upon the shop of my friend the Apothecary, in the door of which he was standing. After mutual recognitions and congratulations, he led me into a neat little back room, and when we were seated, he adverted to the circumstances which had first brought us together, and proceeded to complete the melancholy story which he then commenced. How much misery had been crowded into the brief space of time that had intervened, since last we met! Frances L.—had laid down a life which became a burden, and slept in the neighboring church yard of old Saint Pancras. She had died in giving premature birth to a dead infant,—a lifeless pledge and witness of a confiding heart,—of heartless villany. Her mother, bowed down with sickness, and despondency, had sailed for India, where a brother of her deceased husband resided. "Poor lady!" sighed the Apothecary, "she will never reach her destined port!" Her son had followed Lord L.—to Paris, whither he had gone, on his way to Italy and the South of France. Here he disguised himself as a *vale-de-chambre*, (which his perfect knowledge of the language rendered an easy matter,) and by stratagem succeeded in entering the service of his Lordship. One morning, a fortnight after he had commenced the duties of his new station, Lord L.—was found sitting in his antique arm-chair, from beneath which, on every side, extended a stagnant mass of clotted gore. His head reclined over the carved bed, disclosing two yawning gashes at the throat which nearly severed it from the trunk. A napkin, stiff with coagulated blood, was folded beneath the gaping wounds, and at the feet of the ghastly corpse lay an open razor, covered with rust and a pale yellow mould. Fear sat upon the rigid and purple features, and an awful terror glared from the glassed and filmy eyes, fixed in one last concentrated gaze of horror upon the ceiling above! The stifling effluvia which pervaded the apartment, and the large green flies buzzing indolently about the closed windows, showed that life had long been extinct, and that decay had already commenced. The despoiler of innocence had gone to his reward! Strict search was instituted, but no trace of his valet could be found.

As I wended my way back to my lodgings, I endeavored to persuade myself that I did not inwardly rejoice at the fate of the betrayer. Yet, although I felt that such thoughts were sinful,—that he in whose hands are the issues of life, had said, "Vengeance is mine,—I will repay it,"—still I could not lament the end, fearful as it was, of one who had sacrificed youth, loveliness, and the pure affection of a virgin heart, to the base gratification of an unholy passion,—a passion held in common with the brutes that perish. Never before came the noble denunciation of the Scottish bard so forcibly to my mind:

"Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honor, virtue, conscience,—all exiled?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child,
Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild?"

ANECDOTE.—Some time since, several gentlemen had it in contemplation to form a Universalist Society in the town of—. A rich man, of not very nice moral feelings, though of sound judgment, was consulted, and invited to unite in the promotion of this object. "O," said he, "it will not do; we are so bad in this town, that we can but just live comfortably under all the restraints of rigid orthodoxy; and, if these should be removed, what would become of us?"—*N. H. Obs.*

EMERSON'S ARITHMETICS.

THE NORTH AMERICAN ARITHMETIC, by Frederick Emerson, late Principal of the Department of Arithmetic, Boylston School, Boston, is now completed. The work is in three parts.

PART FIRST is a small book, designed for the use of children from five to eight years of age.

PART SECOND contains, within itself, a complete system of Mental and Written Arithmetic, sufficiently extensive for common schools.

PART THIRD, for advanced scholars, comprises a review of the elementary principles of arithmetic, with a full development of its higher operations.

The three books are the result of five years' labor; and their reputation is established by the approval of gentlemen, who do not lend their names to give countenance to indifferent works. Among those who recommended the work are: Professor J. A. of Union College, Schenectady; Professor F. of Harvard University, Cambridge; E. Bailey, Principal of the Young Ladies' High School, Boston; S. W. Seton, Visitor for the Public School Society, New York; W. R. Johnson, Principal of the Philadelphia High School, and Dean, late of Vermont University; Professor Wall, of Ohio University, and Professor Hamilton, of Nashville University.

The Masters of the Boston Public Schools, departments of Arithmetic, make the following statement:

"We have considered it our duty to render ourselves acquainted with the more prominent systems of Arithmetic, published for the use of Schools, and to fix on some work which appears to unite the greatest advantages, and report the same to the School Committee of Boston, for adoption in the public Schools. After the most careful examination, we have, without any hesitancy, come to the conclusion, that Emerson's North American Arithmetic, [Part First, Second, and Third] is the work best suited to the wants of all classes of scholars, and most convenient for the purposes of instruction. Accordingly, we have petitioned for the adoption of the same in the Public Schools." (Signed by P. Macintosh, Jr. and seven others.)

At a meeting of the School Committee of Boston, held Nov. 16, 1884, it was voted, unanimously, "That Emerson's North American Arithmetic be substituted for Colburn's First Lessons and Sequel."

Emerson's Arithmetics, and also KEYS to the same for the use of Teachers, are published by RUSSELL, SHAFT, LEE, & CO., Boston.

SINGING BOOKS.

AS the season is approaching for the commencement of Singing Schools, the subscriber would give notice that the varieties of Singing Books will be furnished at the publishers' prices, at No. 15 Washington street.

D. H. EIA.

LIVE GEESE AND RUSSIA FEATHERS.

AT Nos. 8 & 10 DOCK SQUARE, BOSTON.
ROGERS & HASKELL offer for sale best Northern and Western Live Geese and Russia FEATHERS, which are warranted free from smell or mottos.

JULY 8.

WHITTIER & WARREN.

WARRANTED BOOTS AND SHOES of all descriptions, by the package or single pair, No. 14 Dock Square, (opposite Faneuil Hall), Boston.

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, TO WIT:

DISTRICT CLERK'S OFFICE.
L. S. B. E. it is remembered, that on the first day of October, Anno Domini 1885, William C. Woodbridge of the said District, and Emma Willard of the District of New York, have deposited in this office the Title of a book, the title of which is in the words following, to wit: "Rudiments of Geography, on a new plan, designed to assist the Memory by Comparison and Classification, with numerous Engravings of Manors, Customs, and Curiosities, accompanied with an Atlas, exhibiting the prevailing Religions, Forms of Government, Degrees of Civilization, and the comparative size of Towns, Rivers, and Mountains." By WILLIAM C. WOODBRIDGE, A. M., late Instructor in the American Asylum; containing the following Maps: I. The World. II. Chart of the World. III. North America. IV. United States. V. South America. VI. Asia. VII. Europe. VIII. Africa. IX. Chart of Climates and Winds. X. Chart of the Moon. XI. Chart of the Sun. XII. Chart of the Stars. The right whereof they claim as Proprietors, in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled, "An Act to amend the several acts respecting Copyrights." FRANCIS BASSETT, Clerk of the District.

BOSTON INDIA RUBBER FACTORY.

THE BOSTON INDIA RUBBER FACTORY have taken a Warehouse at No. 8 State street, where they now offer for sale such articles as are manufactured at their Factory, consisting of a great variety of goods, and at the lowest prices. All goods offered to the public at the above Warehouse will be stamped with the Factory's name, and warranted of the first quality, and in no cases will higher prices be charged than at other establishments.

The public are respectfully invited to call. Purchasers from the South and West will find a good assortment, adapted for those markets.

FREDERICK GOULD, Agent.

JULY 22.

FURNITURE AND CHAIRS.

ROGERS & HASKELL, continue to keep for sale at Nos. 8 & 10 Dock Square, a good assortment of Furniture and Chairs, which they offer very low for cash.

JULY 8.

BOTANIC INFIRMARY.

Let the Sick read and attend!
THE subscriber would give notice to the public generally, and to his friends particularly, that he has opened a Botanic Infirmary in Melrose, where he is prepared to receive and attend upon any who may favor him with their patronage.

The subscriber feels confident, from his own experience and observation, that the Thompsonian system is in itself sufficient to meet every disease, and every exigency to which human nature is heir. He has seen fewer—less scourge of mankind—how and submit to the powerful effects of vegetable remedies, in a short space of twenty-four hours. If any doubt, let him come and see,—and if the system, upon trial, prove good, advise it; but if bad, then, and not till then, discard it.

A female nurse, well qualified for the business, will devote all her time in attendance upon the female patients, who may repair to the Infirmary for the recovery of their health. An assortment of Vegetable Medicines will be kept for sale at the Infirmary, among which are the following articles, viz: Restorative Syrup, Rheumatic Drops, Vegetable Powders, Valuable Bitters, Rheumatic Liniment, &c. &c.

L. H. BENNETT.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.

NOVEN

ANECOTTE.—Some time since, a rich man in contemplation to form a school in the town of —. A rich man, feeling, though of some intellect, and invited to unite in the object. "O," said he, "it will be in this town, that we can have under all the restraints of law, if these should be removed, we will be?"—N. H. Obs.

EMERSON'S ARITHMETIC

THE NORTH AMERICAN ARITHMETIC, by Emerson, late Principal of the North American School, Boston, is now published by the Boston Public School Committee. It is a small book, designed for use in the primary schools, and contains all the elementary principles of arithmetic, with many examples and exercises.

ART SECOND contains, within its cover, a small book, designed for use in the primary schools, and contains all the elementary principles of arithmetic, with many examples and exercises.

ART THIRD, for advanced scholars, contains all the elementary principles of arithmetic, with many examples and exercises. It is a small book, designed for use in the primary schools, and contains all the elementary principles of arithmetic, with many examples and exercises.

SINGING BOOK

THE season is approaching for the singing of the songs of Zion. The variety of Singing Books will be found in the prices, at No. 10 Washington street.

VE GESE AND RUSS

At Nos. 8 & 10 Dock Square, GESE & HASKELL offer for sale, a variety of Western Live Geese and Russia Fowl, at low prices.

WHITTIER & W.

WARRANTED BOOTS AND SHOES, by the package or single, at low prices, (opposite Faneuil Hall,) Boston.

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS

REMEMBERED, that the District of New York, have deposited with the District Clerk, a book, the title of which is in the words of the title of the book, "The History of the District of New York, from its first settlement to the present time." It is a small book, containing a full and complete history of the District, from its first settlement to the present time. It is a small book, containing a full and complete history of the District, from its first settlement to the present time.

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BOSTON INDIA RUBBER

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FURNITURE AND

GEORGE & HASKELL, continue to offer for sale, a variety of Western Live Geese and Russia Fowl, at low prices. It is a small book, containing a full and complete history of the District, from its first settlement to the present time. It is a small book, containing a full and complete history of the District, from its first settlement to the present time.

BOTANICAL INFIR

Let the Sick read and be cured. The subscriber would give notice, and to his friends, that he has a variety of Western Live Geese and Russia Fowl, at low prices. It is a small book, containing a full and complete history of the District, from its first settlement to the present time. It is a small book, containing a full and complete history of the District, from its first settlement to the present time.

BOOK AND JOB PR

THE HERALD is published weekly, and contains a full and complete history of the District, from its first settlement to the present time. It is a small book, containing a full and complete history of the District, from its first settlement to the present time. It is a small book, containing a full and complete history of the District, from its first settlement to the present time.

TERMS OF THE HER

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pend on the fact, that not a drop of wine can be had, but that it is not a common beverage. If fermented wine, therefore, were used at the original institution, how can it be considered essential to a just performance of the rite. In our next number, we shall present the remainder of the extract from the letter of Beza.

THEOPHILUS.

NO. XII.

The Council of Clermont, can. 28, enjoins the communion in both kinds, adding two exceptions, "one of necessity and the other of caution;" the first in favor of the "sick," the other of the "abstinent;" or those who had an aversion to wine. We now proceed to give the remainder of the extract from the letter of Beza. There were some, says Vossius, who might object to water, because of the imperfectness of the analogy, inasmuch as water was not composed of many grains, signifying that it was many members of one body: "Deinde quia obici poterat aquae in simile potione non inesse arduum illam, ut ex multis speciebus confiat, ad mutuum conjunctionem testandam." To this the letter of Beza replies as follows:—"That the analogy of bread, composed of many grains, and wine, of many grapes, is not to be disregarded; but still it should not be too precisely enforced: for it is enough, if the unity of the members be signified by the use of the symbols, that is, meat and drink, in some kind, and by testifying the same faith: 'Non esse quidem neglegendum, ad non tamen adeo precise urgendum analogiam patris testandam, quod quatuordecim species, sed ad illam mutuum conjunctionem testificandam sufficere, quod isdem in genere symbolis, nempe cibo et potu utamur, eandemque fidem testificemur.'—A question was afterwards proposed in relation to abstinent persons, and such as were unable to take wine on account of its effects: to this he replies, rather than omit the whole subject, let such use water or any other matter, so long as they do not doubt that the blood of Christ would be as surely communicated to him by the symbol of such drink, as by that of wine, since the promise is general and refers to all the faithful: 'Potius quam integrum cibum non peragat, vel aqua, vel alia sibi familiari potione utatur: neque dubitet, nisi sibi soli hoc potu, quam sibi vino, sanguinem Christi communicari, cum promissio sit generalis, et ad omnes fidelis spectet.'—Philip Melancthon observes, that the Reformation did not rightly, who substituted hydromel, or honey and water, at the eucharist, on account of the scarcity of wine. Upon this Beza remarks, Lib. iv. c. 24, de Euchar. 'Sed quis dedit Philippo auctoritatem mutandi sacramentum materiae?'—But who gave Philip authority to change the material of the sacrament? Whereupon Vossius remarks,—As though Christ, in the institution of the supper, referred not, generally to the utility of some drink, but particularly to the propriety of wine! 'Quasi Christus non universum utilitatem potus, sed particularem vini proprietatem in institutione respexerit?' To exhibit the character of Beza's remarks, Vossius observes,—This Beza's present adds, how much more wisely has the Church of Rome conducted; she has not changed the materials of the sacrament, but remedied its defects, by administering to the people in one kind: 'Quanto sapientius ecclesia Romana non mutavit sacramentum materiae, sed incommutabili illi medetur, unum speciem tantum ministrando.'—In contemplation of such facts, and with the opinions of the ancient fathers before us, is it not perfectly absurd to proclaim, that nothing can rightfully be employed at the communion, but fermented wine, and that even this cannot be mingled with water, without an 'unhallowed innovation?' It appears to us, that Beza's position is rather a position, that if it could be shown that fermented wine was used at the original institution, that by no means follows, that its continued use, at the Lord's Supper, is essential to a just performance of the rite. But we have not yet exhibited the whole of our ground, and we trust that every Christian reader will go patiently along with us, in this interesting investigation, to its close.

Vossius, in his fourth thesis, vol. vi. p. 440, proceeds to inquire, "an vinum aqua diluti sit necesse?" if it be necessary—not if it be an 'unhallowed innovation,' so to mix the wine and water. No person can fail to perceive, that, however unnecessary, in the view of some persons, Vossius never surmised, that it was unlawful, much less an 'unhallowed innovation.' Our readers are, we trust, by this time, more fully conversant with the subject, and we shall now present more of these matters than certain modern divines. Vossius expressly states—Christum ipsum precipit, ut aqua vino miscetur sensu Cyprinus: Epist. 63, ad Caelicium. Cyprinus thinks, that Christ commanded water to be mixed with wine. Vossius also refers to the third Council of Carthage, which decreed the same thing, (can. 24), that, in the sacrament of the body and blood of Christ, the wine should be offered than the Lord himself delivered, that is, bread and wine, mixed with water: "ut, in sacramentis corporis et sanguinis Domini, nihil amplius offeratur, quam ipse Dominus tradidit, hoc est panis, et vinum, aqua mixtum." Commenting on this opinion, Gregory Valentin remarks, that this is much more probable than the notion that this practice originated with the church: "hanc sententiam esse magis probabilis, quam illam, quod Ecclesiasticis preceptis." Disput. vi. quest. 11, de Euchar. nupt. L. Gregory adds, that Hosius, Alanus, and Scotus have expressed the same opinion. These writers, says Vossius, place the foundation of this opinion in the example of Christ, who, as Justin, Irenaeus, and others of the ancients inform us, diluted the wine:—"Fundamentum huius sententiae ponit exemplum Christi, quem diluisse vinum tradit Justinus, Irenaeus, et alii veteres." Vossius is rather in favor of omitting the water, on the ground that it is not absolutely necessary, but the notion never occurs to him that such mixing of wine with water is unlawful, or in any way improper, much less, that it is an 'unhallowed innovation.' On the contrary, he quotes Justin Martyr's words to prove that bread, wine, and water were employed. Justin, in his description of the supper, (apolog. 1.) speaks of the eucharistial bread, and wine and water, "et ova cyparissia; cypon, xai oino, xai edoras." It is for the same reason, says Vossius, that Irenaeus speaks of the tempering of the cup; "temperamentum calicis" lib. iv. cap. 11. Cyprinus, continues he, speaks of it in many places; so do Julius, Basil, Gregory, Chrysostom, Jerome, Augustin, Proclus, Bede, Damascenus, Rabanus Maurus, Paschasius, Algerus, Nicephorus, and many others of the fathers and ancient writers. The curious reader may find the particular passages with ease, by recurring to the references of Vossius. The words employed, at the Council of Trent, are these:—"The holy Synod admonishes, therefore, that it be commanded by the church to its ministers, that they shall mix water with the wine, in offering the cup, because it is believed that Christ our Lord did use this mixture."—Monet deinde sancta Synodus, prescriptis, &c., "Monet deinde sancta Synodus, prescriptis, &c., ad Ecclesiam sacerdotibus, ut aquam vino in calice offerendo miscerent, tum quod Christus Dominum suum fecisse credatur, etc."—It is, surely, unnecessary to press this evidence any farther.

Vossius does not contest this point, that water was thus mixed with wine, by Christ and his disciples, from the beginning. All that he contends for is, that it is not absolutely necessary to follow the example now. Some notions are assigned by the fathers for the practice, which, as reasons, are somewhat fanciful;—that blood and water came from the side of our Lord, when he was pierced; and that this water is emblematical of baptism, &c. Vossius appears not disposed to favor these reasons: it must be borne in mind, however, that these reasons are assigned, not by Christ, but by those who followed him; and that their insufficiency cannot justify any departure, in the minds of those who contend for a literal performance. Vossius disputes with others, because they say that Christ mixed the wine; for that, he says, is probable enough, since the wines of the East were so generous and warm: "Quod Christus nunt miscevit vinum; Nam satis illud verisimile est, cum Orientis vina generosa sint et calida." If Vossius could taste the communion wines of the present time, he would find a greater occasion for mixing, than in the days of our Lord!—Neither does this learned writer condemn the ancient practice of mixing water with wine, but he simply disapproves of the opinion of those, who contend, that the sacrament is made void, by the use of wine alone: "Quare non dumtaxat inuenerunt veteres; sed eorum improbatum sententiam, qui irritum esse sacramentum arbitrantur, si merum bibitur." From all these facts, we gather the conclusion, that much doubt and dispute have existed from the beginning, in relation to the liquid element; that milk, mead, hydromel, water, wine and water, wine, and the fresh juice of the grape, pressed forth upon the occasion, have been severally employed, at the sacrament, from the earliest times; and that one council has approved one thing, and another has approved another thing. The same doubt and the same dispute have existed, in relation to the solid element; not only as to what species of bread should be employed, whether leavened or unleavened, but of what material it should be formed. There has even a violent contest upon the propriety of using cheese at the communion, and the heresy was with difficulty suppressed by the efforts of the Synod. These disputants are very properly called, by Bingham, "a senseless sect," a term, in our humble opinion, equally applicable to the advocates for brandy or alcohol in any form. The same doubt and the same dispute have existed, in relation to the time of the celebration. In the beginning, we are told by Vossius, that the eucharist was celebrated every day; then on every Lord's day; after a time on every third Sabbath; at length only once a year; and, finally, the priest, to use the word of this writer, the people absenting themselves, "operated" alone. The same doubt and the same dispute existed, whether the communicants should sit or kneel, at the communion; and, at the present day, different denominations adopt the one or the other of these positions; while our Saviour and his disciples probably neither sat nor knelt, but followed the universal practice of reclining. The same doubt and the same dispute have existed in relation to the words of administration, whether they should be uttered once for all, or repeated to each communicant. Upon this point, also, different sects are divided, in opinion and practice, at the present day. The same doubt and the same dispute have existed, whether the recipients should approach the table, or receive the elements in their hands. The same doubt and the same dispute existed, in what manner the bread should be received; and it was decreed by councils, at the end of the sixth century, that males should receive it in their hands, and females in their mouths, and afterwards in clean napkins. Not long after the death of Gregory the Great, the people began to receive the consecrated bread in vessels of gold. One of the councils of Constantinople decreed, that every communicant should approach the altar, carrying the form of a cross with his hands: "manus in formam crucis figuras." The same doubt and the same dispute have existed, whether the bread should be broken into as many parts as were needed, by the minister, or only into two parts, and delivered to those on the right and left, to be separated by the communicants themselves. These, and a multitude of other like matters, have given occasion to the most violent alterations, in ancient times.

That the wine, fermented or not, was mixed with water at the communion, from its original institution, is plain. We now inquire, what were the proportions? Four or five parts of water, and one of wine were the standard of ordinary use, as given by Henderson. But our Lord's command gives no guidance for this. Henderson, in five parts water, fifteen or twenty is to be employed without any violation of the command of Christ. Wine, in any quantity of water, is wine. From all these matters of interminable uncertainty, it must indeed be refreshing to the spirit of every humble disciple of the Lord Jesus, to turn to that which is perfectly intelligible and sure. We know, and we desire to know, that our Redeemer liveth;—that he died once for us;—that before his death, he gathered his disciples together, and instituted a memorial of himself;—that, under the symbols of food and drink, "cibo et potu," in the language of the most ancient fathers, he bade his followers to partake of his body and blood. This we are to do, in remembrance that Christ died for us. In the midst of such sublime and awfully solemn contemplations as these, is it possible, that any devoted follower of Christ can pause, ere he puts the chalice to his lip, and be duly certified, that the element is there? If there be less of madness and folly in the doctrine of transubstantiation, or the worship of carved images, we perceive it not. There is danger both to faith and practice, in demanding a specific conformity, beyond the measure of precision in the command itself; for, in proportion as we become fastidious in regard to our anise and cummin, we have less time and less taste for the weightier matters of law. We have heard it suggested, that the strict observance of the Passover, by the Jews, should be an example to Christians in their observance of the eucharist. And why so? Jews are not Christians, and the Jewish Passover is not the Christian eucharist. But to what abuse-diet are we not liable, when we steer away from the plain channel of common sense into the uncertain waters of analogy! If this rule is to be observed, every one, who is not disabled by uncontrollable circumstances, and who does not enter the eucharist, is to be condemned to death; for such, as we read in Numbers ix. 13, was the doom of every one, who did not keep the Passover.—The eucharist, says Henry in his commentary on Matthew xiv, was instituted "at the close of the Passover supper, which, by this, was ecclesiastical, and then superseded and set aside."—"Christ's yoke," says he, "is easy in comparison with that of the ceremonial law, and his ordinances are more spiritual."—But what was the strictness even of the Jewish Passover? Those, who believe it to be an 'unhallowed innovation,' to give up alcoholic wine, and who affirm, that they know not what is essential to the communion, by the very condition of the ordinance, if wine is not,—will, of course, allow, that the Paschal lamb was quite as essential to the Jewish Passover.—We ask them to turn to that word in Calmet; they will there find it stated, that, when a lamb could not be had, a kid would answer.—We earnestly recommend to the perusal of every reader, the sensible observations upon the Lord's Supper, contained in that excellent work, by the Rev. Jacob Abbott, entitled "The Corner Stone."

Need we say more, to prove that fermented wine is not essential to a perfect observance of this holy festival, even if it could be proved to have been present in the cup, at the original institution of the eucharist?

Let us suppose, that Christ, our blessed Lord, were now upon this earth. Let us suppose, that we were permitted to approach the presence of him, who spake as never man spake; and to inquire, if an humble and contrite sinner might not be permitted to commemorate his dying love, without drinking an intoxicating drink.—Who can doubt the character of our Redeemer's reply?

When Jeremiah assembled the Rechabites, in a chamber of the temple, and placed before them pots full of wine, and cups, and bade them drink, they knew full well that he was the prophet of the Lord; they could not doubt, that his command, "drink ye this wine," was the command of the Lord's prophet; yet from a consideration of their vow, and of their father Jondab's command, they flatly refused.—"We

drink no wine." The Lord God of Israel was well pleased with their fidelity, and gave them an assurance, through the prophet, of his special favor. Can we doubt, that our Lord will look down with equal favor upon those, who, from the best of motives, refuse fermented wine, at the communion; which they cannot conscientiously believe, that he ever commanded to be used as an essential of that sacred ordinance?

THEOPHILUS.

NO. XIII.

We now proceed to consider our third position,—that alcohol, in the present condition of public sentiment, is offensive at the Lord's table, and therefore the employment of fermented wine, at this holy festival, is productive of "painful associations, by which our communion is embarrassed and embittered." Dr. Sprague will pardon us, we trust, for this employment of his own words, which so forcibly express the feelings of many sincere and devoted Christians. We have shown, in the first place, that the unforgotten juice of the grape is "the fruit of the vine," and in the second place, that if fermented wine was used at the original institution of the eucharist, its continued employment is not essential, at the present day, to a just performance of the rite.—If we have failed in sustaining either the first or second position, it will be worse than needless to argue for that, which is now under consideration.

The concentrated voice of the friends of temperance, the result of free discussion and grave deliberation, in several recent conventions, remarkable for the wisdom and learning, and taken of their individual members, has proclaimed to the world, in the most unequivocal manner, and with wonderful unanimity, that the total abandonment of all intoxicating drinks is essential to the complete success of the temperance reform. Numerous societies, at home and abroad, recognize this principle of action. Medical and sacramental occasions have been hitherto scorned, by many, from this general rule. In relation to the first, there is much diversity of opinion. One professor of the healing art, an "ardent friend" of temperance, perhaps, and marvelously popular vital, is so lavish in his prescription of alcoholic restoratives, and "only as a medicine," that an application for his counsel, with the customary catalog of symptoms, is precisely equivalent to a civil request for a course of Brandy and his disciples probably never take him to task, and put it out of the way. She placed it in a chamber closet.—No sooner had we reached home, than I stole privately to that chamber and locked the door behind me. I soon found the key of the closet. I burst off the lock of the liquor case with my screw-driver, and swallowed a dram. After that I was gone; and the world would not tempt me to try again.—Such was the tale of this unhappy man; and we regret, that we have no power of exhibiting to our readers the deep emotion, with which he was convulsed, while he related the concluding portion of this narrative.

This, it will be said, is a rare occurrence. Most probably it is so. Suppose it to be a solitary case, though we are credibly informed that it is not;—nevertheless we inquire, who can measure the mischief, which concentrated alcohol, in this single instance, has brought upon one poor family—upon one immortal soul! If there are some, whose confidence in their own strength is equal even to the confidence of Peter, perchance their fortune and their fall may be the same.—We say then, that, as wine is not essential to the rite, it has become offensive to the moral sense, at the table of the Lord.

Let us suppose, that a certain member of a communion, in his private life, has been the minister of so much mischief and misery to his fellow citizens, that if not expelled from general society by common consent, he has become an object of detestation to very many of the wise and good. Nevertheless we are destined to pass an hour in this man's society once every month, in the house and at the very table of our best friend; may, more, we are compelled to take him by the hand, and give him a public testimonial of our affectionate respect, whom elsewhere we treat with coldness and contempt. Let us suppose, that, while we are striving to rid ourselves of this odious being, by whose presence our relation to this best of friends is embarrassed and embittered, we should be told by a grave and reverend personage, that, if the presence of this disgusting creature is not essential to the continuance of our relation to this dearest of friends, by the very conditions of our friendship, he knows not what! Can any thing be imagined more monstrous and absurd! No one, we presume, can fail to understand the application of this analogy.

When it was first proposed to comprehend wine as well as ardent spirits in the temperance pledge, we were told that a clergyman, who was altogether opposed to the measure, affirmed, that he, who denounced the use of wine, offered an insult to the memory of his Redeemer. In this very observation, which has received a sympathetic response from various quarters, we discover an additional reason for the opinion, that fermented wine is offensive at the table of our Lord; inasmuch as, by its continued employment there, not a few, who search the Scriptures for no worthier purpose, affect to justify the use of wine, upon literary occasions.—The habit of drinking wine, at their own tables, is frequently and familiarly justified, by the usage at the table of Christ; and even irreligious men are continually casting it in our teeth, that our Lord has made wine an essential, at the holiest of festivals. This will remain as an obstacle in our path, until the churches, in the language of Addison, "dare to have sense," themselves, and reject every species of alcoholic liquor from the holy communion.—In the days of our youth, we have seen ministers of the gospel, with big wigs, sipping their wine at weddings, and entering into all the idle gossip of the day; and this, forsooth, because our Lord wrought the miracle at Cana. Those reverend men, who continue this practice at the present day, are very apt to refer to this favorite precedent.—It is all right.—Our blessed Saviour did it.—It is essential.—If wine be not essential to a wedding, by the very conditions of the ordinance, we know not what is!

But our Saviour did other things; he made the greatest of all possible sacrifices for mankind. In all things agreeable to our natures, we delight, not only to follow, but to outrun the example of Christ. We even twist, and distort, and crucify the words of holy writ, that we may bring from them a little fermented wine; but we are not so ready to crucify our appetites and passions, and take up the cross, and go about doing good, in the spirit of our meek and lowly Master.

We will say a word only of the wine of Cana.—The object of the miracle was the manifestation of God's power. Heaven and earth were not moved, and a stupendous miracle wrought for the sole purpose of supplying a deficiency of wine, at the wedding of a poor family.

Before we use a precedent, we must establish a precedent. Wine-libbers guess it was fermented. We guess it was not. In point of fact, it was new wine, for it was then just made. The omnipotence of God can make all things; but we know that new wine was as common a beverage in those days, as new cider is at the present day. What reason then exists for assuming that God, who commands us to avoid the effects of the free use of wine, i. e. "drunkenness," would place the means of drunkenness so abundantly in the power of a promiscuous assembly, by furnishing a copious supply of alcoholic wine? But the governor of the feast expressed his approbation of this wine; and therefore, according to the taste of certain lay and clerical connoisseurs, it must have been a strong alcoholic wine. But how is it known

"A little brandy, but more particularly gin, seemed to restore me wonderfully. The habit fairly got the mastery over me, and, at last, I lost all self-restraint. I had been a member of the Rev. Mr. —'s church for seven years, and my wife had been a professor of religion two years longer. One evening I received a note from my minister, requesting me to call upon him the next morning at a particular hour. I knew there had been a meeting of the church, which I did not attend, and I began to mistrust, that I might have exposed myself. I asked my wife what she thought the minister wanted me for. She looked very sober and said nothing. It disturbed me all night; however I went, at the time appointed, and found my minister with several others, who had stood off and left us together. The minister told me, with great kindness, but very plainly, that some of the church had been in favor of cutting me off from the communion, but that the majority had inclined to mercy, and that he had been requested to admonish me, and to assure me, that, if I did not immediately reform, I should be excommunicated. He then gave me a solemn talk, and with tears in his eyes, said, 'I trusted that you, at the time I joined the Temperance Society, I drank nothing but water, for about twelve months; but I had not the courage to go to the communion, during this period; for my craving for drink was so strong, that, even then, I was afraid I should some day break my pledge; and I had a feeling, that I should only aggravate my sin, by going to the Lord's table; and I did not wish to bring any fresh scandal on the church.' However, after I had abstained from all intoxicating drink for more than a year, my wife said so much about the example before the church, and the duty of returning to the table, that I consented. At that time, I felt pretty well able to resist all temptation to drink strong drink of any kind, and I was certainly better in health. I went to the communion. I thought my mind was in a proper frame.—But this time, my wife told me that, my relish returned for intoxicating drink, in a manner that I cannot describe. I felt like a beast, that had been once tamed, but having gotten a taste of blood, has become as savage as before. As we walked home, my wife asked me if I did not feel happier. I made no reply, which she probably attributed to the solemnity of my feelings.—Before I signed the pledge, we kept a small liquor case in an open parlor closet. I told my wife she had better lock it up and put it out of the way. She placed it in a chamber closet.—No sooner had we reached home, than I stole privately to that chamber and locked the door behind me. I soon found the key of the closet. I burst off the lock of the liquor case with my screw-driver, and swallowed a dram. After that I was gone; and the world would not tempt me to try again.—Such was the tale of this unhappy man; and we regret, that we have no power of exhibiting to our readers the deep emotion, with which he was convulsed, while he related the concluding portion of this narrative.

This, it will be said, is a rare occurrence. Most probably it is so. Suppose it to be a solitary case, though we are credibly informed that it is not;—nevertheless we inquire, who can measure the mischief, which concentrated alcohol, in this single instance, has brought upon one poor family—upon one immortal soul! If there are some, whose confidence in their own strength is equal even to the confidence of Peter, perchance their fortune and their fall may be the same.—We say then, that, as wine is not essential to the rite, it has become offensive to the moral sense, at the table of the Lord.

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that the taste of this governor of the feast was as depraved, as vitiated as that of a modern wine drinker, who prefers a racy, alcoholic liquor to the unfermented juice, which was customarily pressed forth from the grapes into the cup of Pharis? It is not our purpose, to say more of the miracle of Cana.—Deeply indebted it is to be deplored, that the very armory of the Lord should be reckoned for weapons, by those, who seem not to be engaged on the side of righteousness and truth. We have heard an eloquent metropolitan divine, most comfortably set for the defence of the gospel, quoting Scripture in defence of the temperate use of wine; and, with our own ears, we have heard a notorious drunkard exclaiming, as he reeled in front of a grog shop, Strong drink for these that are ready to perish! THEOPHILUS.

NO. XIV.

Before we proceed to the consideration of our fourth and last position, let us briefly allude to another objection, which has been made to the removal of fermented wine from the communion of our Lord. It has been said, that it will create a disagreement among the churches; different churches will employ different elements. To this we answer that such disagreement will be harmless in its operation and effects, inasmuch as no one in particular, of several innocent beverages, is essential to a just performance of the rite. We answer again, that this very disagreement is no subject matter for prediction, for it already exists. We are not, as churches, in subjection to synods and councils, whose decrees are of universal obligation; one church employs one thing as a liquid element, and another church another thing; and there is no power, by which they can be compelled to depart from their respective usages, in this particular. While some humble society, in a remote corner of the country, conscientiously believing itself bound, by the "very conditions of the ordinance," partakes of some vile composition, procured of the village grocer, who receives it from the manufacturer in New York; another society employs an alcoholic wine, which, ex abundanti causa, is prepared by the deacons of the parish. We have a personal knowledge of such cases.—Here is a body of communicants, who are sipping sweetened whiskey, and other villainous materials under the name of Malaga wine; and there, thanks to the comissaireship of its lay and clerical members, another body of Christians partakes of nothing but genuine Madeira. While thousands rely upon their ministers, who rely upon their sectaries, who rely upon wine dealers, who rely upon the wine brewers, who furnish such compounds as they please; others are opposed to the consecration of every liquor which is not duly "certified" to contain no distilled alcohol, but which may contain a larger amount of fermented alcohol than any other fermented wine. The disagreement of the churches, therefore, exists already.

We proceed to our fourth position.—The unforgotten juice of the grape may be had in sufficient quantity for communion use, at all seasons of the year, and in all parts of the world.—The quantity required for this occasion may be rightly measured, by the standard of Matthew Henry,—"It is food for the soul only, and therefore a very little of that, which is for the body, as much as will serve for a sign, is enough." If this rule were followed, the officiating officer would seldom be required to replenish the cup.

The only substitute for fermented wine, of which we are now to speak, is the unforgotten juice of the grape; and we shall endeavor to show, that it can be had, not only in sufficient quantity for the communion, but in any quantity, at all seasons of the year, and in every part of the habitable globe.—As we are desirous of avoiding Seylla and Charybdis, we shall avoid all employment of the words *signum* and *remedium*, which are likely to become watch-words of partisans.—The unforgotten juice of the grape is commonly called must. In the *Topographie de Tous Les Vignobles*, by A. Julien, it is thus described,—"C'est le jus recemment exprime du raisin, et qui n'a pas encore fermente." This must was well known in ancient times, and was prepared and preserved for the space of a year. This fact is stated by the elder Piny: Nat. Hist. Lib. xiv. sec. 24. The curious reader may find a full account of the various kinds, and of the processes of preparation, in Columella, Lib. xiv. cap. 20, and in Henderson's valuable work on wines, page 40. Piny observes, "d. coquirit ad supas," it is boiled down to a third part. We have been informed by professional gentlemen, in whose skill and judgment we have perfect confidence, and who have bestowed no little thought upon this subject, that must, boiled down to one-fourth, may be kept free from all fermentation for a year or more. This syrup may be mingled with water as occasion may require, for common use; and it may be had, either by home manufacture or by importation, in every part of the world, and at every season of the year. No person can object to the dilution of this "fruit of the vine" with water; for we have proved, to the apprehension, as we trust, of all reasonable minds, that the fruit of the vine, at the institution of the eucharist, and long after, at the communion, was mingled with water. Here then we have an innocent beverage, "the fruit of the vine."

In many parts of the earth, the fresh juice of the grape may be had, during a great part of the year; and, where this cannot be obtained, an abundant substitute may be found in a simple preparation of the dried raisin, which several churches have already adopted. The raisins are chopped into small pieces and soaked in water; the liquor is strained and poured into the cup. If this is not so agreeable to some persons as fermented wine, they are not required to drink much of it; "as much as will serve for a sign, is enough." Here we have "the fruit of the vine." But it is mixed with water; and we have not showed, upon the very best testimony, that "the fruit of the vine" was mixed with water by the earliest disciples, because they believed it was so mixed with water by Christ himself, at the very institution of the eucharist? Such appears to us an unexceptionable element. It is the unforgotten extract or juice of the grape; it is "the fruit of the vine;" it is too simple in its nature, and too inexpensive, to tax the cupidity of man for the substitution of some cheaper imitation in its stead; as it must be prepared long, from time to time, and probably by some officer of the church, the communion will no longer be embarrassed and embittered by a doubt if the contents of the cup be in reality the fruit of the vine; it may be had in every part of the habitable earth, from the equator to the poles.

We have endeavored to show, that our Lord never commanded the use of fermented wine at the eucharist; that, even if used there, it is not essential to a perfect performance of that holy rite;—that fermented wine, as it is an alcoholic liquor, is offensive at the Lord's table, in the present condition of public sentiment;—and that the unforgotten juice of the grape, the fruit of the vine, may be had in sufficient quantity for communion use, at all seasons of the year, and in every part of the world.—If these things be so, in the language of another, what want we for?—We do not complete the passage, and say, "here is water," for we believe it to be wholly unnecessary to resort to such a substitute, or to any substitute whatever. We call for that which our Lord commanded to be used—the fruit of the vine; and we invite our fellow Christians, of every denomination, to abandon every substitute, in the shape of an alcoholic liquor, which has been so unnecessarily and so unwisely employed by the churches, for many generations. THEOPHILUS.